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RECOLLECTIONS OF A JESUITS' SCHOOL IN SWITZERLAND.

IN one of the western cantons of Switzerland stands the old city of Fribourg. Perhaps it would be difficult to find in Europe a town which contains so many monuments of the past, or which gives to the modern traveller a more vivid idea of what the old cities of the middle ages must have been. It stands on a point of land washed on two sides by a river, whose banks in some places rise precipitously from the water side to the streets of the city, while in other spots the ascent is more gentle. Round the landward side of the city runs a belt of old walls, over which at certain distances rise the towers which formerly served to defend the city gates. Formerly these walls may have been formidable enough; even at the present day they are infinitely more imposing to the first glance than any fortifications of modern date; but the day of their strength has long since passed away. They might have well withstood the warlike engines of Charles the Bold of Burgundy if the sturdy men of the city in the fifteenth century had given that prince time to finish his march against their home, but they would be but a poor defence against even the weakest artillery that follows in the train of a general of the present day. The city itself is a queer, scrambling kind of place, built up hill and down hill, and some of its quarters communicate with each other by long, apparently endless flights of covered stone stairs. We doubt if it be very much visited, now, at least, but certainly the traveller who is proceeding from Berne to Vevay may spend a day worse than in rambling about this strange, old-world place. He may visit the cathedral, whose tower rises above almost every part of the city. There his ears will be delighted with the glorious tones of one of the finest organs in Europe, while his eyes cannot fail to be struck by the quaint carving of the Gothic porch, which, in a manner grotesque and terrible at once, sets out the dread scene of the last judgment. He may go and gaze upon the ancient lime-tree which stands before the Hôtel de Ville, an ever-living monument to tell the burghers of Fribourg how their forefathers fought and conquered for home and freedom. If he tires of the past he will find the work of the present age in the two beautiful suspension bridges, of which the one is thrown over the valley of the Saarine, and binds the cliff on which the city stands with the high ground on the other side, while the other springs at a giddy height across the deep gorge of the

Gottéron. On all sides, too, are pleasant walks leading to rich pastures and green woods, a quiet style of scenery chiefly, but much of it very beautiful.

There are two buildings which I have not yet mentioned, but which, some fourteen or fifteen years ago, were well worth a careful visit. These are the Jesuits' College, and the Pensionnat, which was also under the care of the fathers of the celebrated and much maligned society. I do not know if these buildings would now repay the traveller's attention. The life which was in them is gone; they are mere houses now; they formed, at the period of which I write, an educational establishment, which was famous all over the continent, and which attracted to the old-fashioned little canton capital many a visitor who would otherwise have turned away elsewhere.

The college was almost an ancient establishment, dating as it did from the sixteenth century, when Father Canisius was first invited with his brethren to Fribourg. It has no pretensions to any architectural beauty, and is simply a large stone building, one wing of which formed the Jesuits' church, while in the other were held the classes in which instruction was given while the Jesuits remained in Switzerland. The two wings are joined together by a long corridor, which I chiefly remember from the rude engravings that clothed its walls, representing various celebrated members of the society, and scenes of missionary martyrdom in China and Japan.

It is, however, of the Pensionnat that I most wish to speak, if I can but collect the memories of the many happy days which I spent there. The college was to me but the place where, at stated hours of the day, I used to repair to repeat the lessons which I had learned elsewhere. The Pensionnat was the home where I dwelt with pleasant companions and kind teachers, who were rather friends than masters, and whose names and faces still remain clearly impressed on my mind.

The Pensionnat is, as I remember, the very first building that catches the traveller's eye as he drives from Berne to Fribourg. Standing on a lofty eminence, high above all the rest of the city, it comes at once into sight at one particular turn of the road. It is not a picturesque building; in fact it has the appearance rather of a huge factory than of an edifice, used partly as a seminary for the instruction of candidates for the priesthood, and partly as a school for the education of young laymen. I speak of it as it was some fourteen years ago. To what uses it may since have been brought in consequence of the violent changes which occurred in Switzerland in the latter end of the year 1847, I know

not. I have heard that it has been used as a hospital, and also that it has been turned into a barrack, but I cannot speak with any certainty on the point. To come back to my own reminiscences, I well remember the day when I first made my acquaintance with it. It was at the end of September, towards the close of the midsummer vacation. The place was then quite silent and deserted, and as melancholy looking as all schools are at that season. Of the numerous teachers of whom I had heard, one only, an Irish Jesuit, who afterwards died on the mission in Madura, was there, and even his presence was occasioned by the circumstance of his being on the eve of beginning his annual retreat. The playgrounds were empty. I must confess that their appearance struck me at first with positive dismay. Accustomed as I had been at home to all the liberty of green fields and clear sea water, I could not understand how some three hundred boys—and such, I had heard, was the complement of the school—could find room to play and run about in the dreary, gravelly yards which lay before me. However, I afterwards became well reconciled to them, and, indeed, when I bring to my remembrance the “Cours de Récréation” which I subsequently saw at one or two French colleges, I must acknowledge that we boys at Fribourg had no cause to complain. At the season of the year of which I speak, most of the boys were, of course, at their respective homes. Several, however, who for one reason or another had not gone home for the vacation, were at the country house belonging to the Pensionnat. This was situated close to the village of Belfaux, which is distant from Fribourg about three miles on the road to the little town of Romont. To Belfaux accordingly I was sent, and there I spent the fortnight which remained of the vacation, doing nothing but picking up a little French, accustoming myself to the strange ways of French and German schoolboys, and, I must honestly own, fretting as only a boy can fret, who finds himself for the first time among utter strangers, whose very kindness is torture, reminding him, as it does, of all that home-happiness which he has so little valued hitherto, but whose worth he now thoroughly understands.

The vacation passed away, however, and then there was no more time for fretting. About the 10th of October all who were at Belfaux returned to the Pensionnat, and the year's work began. Little by little the boys came back from their homes in France and Germany, the classes were formed, and all things settled down into the regular routine. The school was divided into three great divisions, according to the ages of the boys. Each division had its separate dormitory, study, and playground, its own place in the chapel and in the refectory. The boys of the different divisions, as a rule, never mingled with each other. Indeed as there were close upon a hundred boys in each division, some regulation of the kind was necessary. Upon Sundays and holidays, brothers and cousins, who had been separated during the week, met in a place which we called the “Talus,” a shady walk which ran along the playgrounds of the first and second divisions. Besides the

divisions there were classes; the former existed only for the purpose of conveniently keeping together boys of nearly one age; the latter, of course, were constituted according to the various acquirements of the pupils. Of these classes there were seven in all at Fribourg, beginning with the highest, physique, and descending through *rhétorique*, *seconde*, *troisième* and *quatrième*, to *cinquième*. This division of classes is, I believe, that adopted in all Jesuit colleges. Those who were too young as yet even for *cinquième*, were collected at a junior establishment at Estavayer, on the lake of Neuchâtel. This junior establishment was, as well as the Pensionnat, under the exclusive direction of the Jesuit fathers. There were also, in the first division exclusively, a few young men who belonged to no class, although they frequented the lectures in physique and philosophie; they were called “*les vétérans*,” and lived at the Pensionnat merely because they had nothing else to do. They had a study of their own, and in many respects enjoyed privileges unknown to the other students, but nevertheless were subject to the general discipline of the school, to which they were supposed to afford a perpetual good example. In every respect, except that of having their own place of study, they formed part of the first division.

At no school in England or Ireland could there be representatives of so many nationalities as were gathered together at the Pensionnat. The greater number of the boys were French; next to them came the Germans, who had separate classes of their own, where they received instruction in their own language. Then came a medley of Italians, Spaniards, Poles, Russians, Belgians, English, Irish, Americans from both the northern and southern continents, Greeks, and even Turks and Egyptians. I remember, when on one occasion the Pensionnat was honoured with a visit from the Papal Nuncio in Switzerland, addresses were read to him in as many languages as were to be found in the school. I cannot say now how many there were; but from French, the most familiar one, to Irish, which perhaps was the least known of all, there were enough to make a very respectable exhibition. We all got on very well together, though now and then a feud would break out. The Germans certainly kept rather aloof from the other boys, and were fond of having their games exclusively amongst themselves when it was possible; but the other nationalities mingled well together. Occasionally, perhaps, some dispute would arise between the French and the English, including under that head the Irish, who always made common cause with their fellow-subjects against all the continentals. These disputes usually arose upon knotty points of history, and long and fierce the debates would sometimes be upon the questions as to what the result of the battle of Waterloo would have been had the Prussians not come up, and as to the causes of the English victories at Cressy and Agincourt, supposing the English to have been victorious in those encounters, which the French boys were not always ready to allow. We had a very excellent band composed of a number of the senior boys and of the music-masters, and on some

particular occasion this band played an air taken from the French opera of Charles the Seventh. The song to which the air is set, begins, I think, with the words, "La France a l'horreur du servage;" but the grand point in it is the chorus which runs:

"Guerre aux tyrans, jamais en France
Jamais l'Anglais ne régnera."

the "jamais" being repeated about as often as the "never" in the chorus to "Rule Britannia." The air, of course, took the fancy of the French amazingly. For days after the chorus was on every opportunity dinned into the ears of the poor English, who at last began to be rather vexed about the matter. Peace was however restored; and on the first occasion on which the band performed again in the playground, "God save the Queen" was played as a set-off to the French air. I hope her Majesty will never have less loyal subjects than the twelve or thirteen young British Papists who, as soon as they heard the well-known strains, at once, with one accord, uncovered their heads, and so stood, to the infinite amazement of the French, till the air was concluded. Any disputes that we had were, however, very harmless, and were conducted upon decidedly Peace Society principles. We never came to blows, and the worst that happened was the exchange of a few angry words, which were very soon forgotten.

Passing from these general features, I will now, as well as my recollection serves me, sketch out the course of an ordinary working day at the Pensionnat. We rose both in summer and winter at five. On the fine mornings of June or July this was pleasant enough: but in the deep cold of the Swiss winter—and bitter cold it often was—it was far from agreeable to be roused by the loud tolling of the inexorable bell, and to say truth, it was in any rather than a thankful spirit that we replied our "Deo Gratias" to the "Benedicamus Domino" of the prefect—the first words that we heard at the opening of the day. Then, to dress hurriedly by lamplight, to wash in freezing, sometimes frozen, water, were far from pleasant processes to go through. From the dormitory we descended to the study, where morning prayers were said, and a page read out from some book of piety. We then studied, preparing our lessons for the morning class, for about an hour and a quarter. That done, the whole school repaired to the chapel, where we had mass. From the chapel we descended to the refectory, where a quarter of an hour was allowed for breakfast. The meal was consumed in silence, and consisted of a plentiful supply of dry bread and hot milk or soup, at the option of the boys. The soup was, so to say, the national dish of the Pensionnat.

"Look to the Welsh, to Dutchmen butter's dear,
Of Irish swains potato is the cheer;
Oats for their feast the Scottish shepherds grind—"

and no less equivocally was "la miasse," the darling food of Frenchman, and German, and Englishman, and Irishman at Fribourg. "La miasse," was made up after the following fashion:—About a third of one of

the large "miches" or loaves, used in Switzerland, was crumbled down carefully into a soup-plate. Scattered through this, when it was possible, we placed cheese, saved from the night before, and kept carefully rolled up in our napkins. Over this mixture we poured large quantities of soup, thick with finely-chopped potatoes, and reeking hot. All this was then mashed up together, and the solid mass so composed formed "la miasse." Worse dishes may be imagined for a winter's morning than the same "miasse," and accordingly it was consumed in portentous quantities. The noise, too, of about two hundred and fifty spoons all at once engaged in mashing up the bread and soup, and battering on the soup plates, may be more easily imagined than described. All things, however, must have an end, and accordingly even the consumption of "miasse" went on only for a limited period, at the end of which we left the refectory for about a quarter of an hour's recreation. This short recreation over, we again ascended to our studies, but only for the purpose of gathering together our books preparatory to repairing to our classes. These were held in the college, which was distant about eight minutes' walk from the Pensionnat. There we met the externs or day pupils, and side by side with them, repeated our Latin grammar, translated Virgil and Homer, and worked out sums in algebra, until ten o'clock, when we returned to the Pensionnat, and had another recreation of half an hour's length. To this succeeded study until half-past eleven, and at that primitive hour we dined. After dinner came a long recreation; then study for about half an hour; then at two o'clock the afternoon class, which lasted until four. After this we had another space for recreation, and then at about a quarter to five came the evening study. This was always preceded by a portion of the Rosary, and a chapter from the Lives of the Saints, or the History of the Bible. The evening study lasted until about a quarter to eight—rather a long time; but in winter this part of the day was far from unpleasant. The large room in which we sat was well lighted and well heated, and when, after the work of the day in class, and the tramping about in deep snow during recreation, we took off our wet shoes, and put on comfortable slippers warmly lined with wool, the change almost amounted to luxury. Plenty of work there was. Themes were to be written, lessons to be coned over, *cahiers* of history to be worked up, but these matters could generally be got over long before the end of the time allotted to us, and after seven o'clock we were at liberty to read lighter works borrowed from our libraries, of which there was one in each division. In the summer time this study was curtailed, and after seven we had recreation, but both in winter and summer, supper came at a quarter to eight, immediately on which succeeded night prayers, and at half-past eight, bed. I need not say how we slept. Schoolboys have usually good consciences and good digestions. We were not overworked, although, indeed, we had plenty to do; and though Latin and Greek formed the basis of the course of instruction through which we went, I

do not think that any boy at Fribourg was ever heard muttering scraps of those ancient and respectable languages in his sleep, as Charles Dickens reports to have taken place at Doctor Blimber's. Indeed anything less like Dr. Blimber's system, either in our studies or in our recreations, can scarcely be imagined. There was no forcing in our studies; the lessons set to us were rational, and every step was carefully and patiently explained to us by masters who looked upon their business as a religious duty, and consequently put life into their work. Our sports during recreation differed according to the seasons of the year. The English and Irish had introduced football, and this game was our amusement from the beginning of November until about the middle of December. Then winter set in. Frost came with an intensity unknown in these countries, and the snow would keep steadily falling for two or three days at a stretch, almost without ceasing. This was, I think, the best season of the year, so far as recreation was concerned. We had sliding and skating, the latter not usually upon any pond, but in our playgrounds themselves. A large space was marked out in the playground of each division: a deep layer of snow placed and carefully smoothed upon this space, and over this layer of snow were thrown large quantities of water. Thus an icy space would be obtained, and this constituted a skating-place or "patinoir," quite free from the dangers attendant upon frozen ponds. Sometimes, however, we went on a holiday to some large sheet of water near the town, and spent a few hours amusing ourselves upon it. But the great feature of our winter recreations were the "Montagnes Russes," which were simply long inclined planes of wood-work, railed at the sides, and covered over with a coating of ice. A flight of steps at one end led to the top of this plane, down which we glided with great velocity upon sledges, and having reached the bottom, continued our course upon a long, flat, icy path, quite down to the end of the playground. Those who were good sliders used to scorn the easy mode of descending upon a sledge, and resting their hands upon the shoulders of some one who descended seated, glided down upon their feet. Others again, when they had reached the bottom of the incline, would rise from their sledges, which were very small and low, throw them aside, and slide during the rest of the journey. Apart from the "montagnes russes," our sledges afforded us a good deal of amusement. Attaching four or five of them one after the other, and then yoking a train of six or eight boy-horses, we would tear round the playground at full speed; and much rivalry existed among the different coaching companies as to which would make the journey with the greatest rapidity. It required no little skill, too, in those who occupied the sledges, to guide them so as to avoid an upset. The business of the horses was to get on as fast as possible, that of the drivers to keep the sledges straight; while when the course was over, both parties had to change their positions in the shortest possible moment of time, so as to let drivers become horses, and horses drivers, without an instant's delay. Such was winter. The

chief characteristic of our recreations in summer was utter idleness. The weather was then generally as oppressively hot as it had been piercingly cold in winter, and with the exception of a few, who cared as little for the sun of July as for the frost of January, the boys chiefly found their amusement in what we called "vache-ing," that is, basking in the sun, and chatting or telling stories.

Strange to say, at this Swiss boarding-school, the number of Swiss boys was, perhaps, smaller than that of those belonging to any other nationality that was at all represented there. At the college, however, to which, as I have already said, we went every day to attend our classes, the Swiss mustered in great force as extern pupils. Generally speaking, they belonged to the lower division of the middle class of society. They were not all inhabitants of Fribourg, but in many instances had come from other parts of Switzerland, and living at a cheap rate in the town, attended regularly the classes at the college. The education which they thus received was almost entirely gratuitous. They had some small sums to pay, not amounting to more than a very few francs in the year. The course of instruction through which they went was identical with that which we of the Pensionnat had also to follow. In fact, we sat in the same rooms, at the same hours, under the same masters. Different as they were in station from the boarders, and though many of them, poor fellows, came shabbily dressed enough to the class, there never was any idea of treating them as inferiors. Indeed, if any such notion ever came into the head of any young gentleman belonging to the Pensionnat, it was very soon dispelled by his finding that the externs were treated by the professors just as we ourselves were, and further, that, generally speaking, the uncouth-looking lads were far away our superiors in diligence and in cleverness. Their coats might sometimes be very threadbare, but their themes and versions were always very carefully done, and it generally happened that at the examinations at the close of the year, one or two of the externs fairly and honourably bore off the prizes from their well-dressed competitors of the Pensionnat. Sometimes, too, we beat the externs, and thus a spirit of emulation was created in which any meaner—I can only find one word to express my meaning—any more "snobbish" feelings disappeared. Some persons may, perhaps, entertain doubts as to how far it was advisable to give boys of the class to which the externs belonged, the education which is usually confined to what are called "young gentlemen." Most of the externs would, in after life, be farmers, small tradespeople, or innkeepers in obscure villages. I confess that it seems to me that they would not fill those positions the worse for having learned to speak and write with correctness and elegance, or for having acquired tastes which would elevate their minds into thinking of something more than mere money. Along with literature they acquired that which would prevent them from feeling the itch of discontent or of vanity. Religion was carefully taught them. It was not that

they merely had the doctrines of the church explained to them; they were taught to be practically religious, and being religious, their acquirement of literary tastes could not avail to make them rebellious against the will which had placed them in perhaps a subordinate sphere. Thus the education which they received could, as a rule, only be beneficial to them. They acquired mental cultivation without at the same time being affected by that spirit of pride which too often accompanies it.

Having intended to confine my remarks to the Pensionnat and its inhabitants, I do not know how far I may be considered justified in this digression upon the extern pupils of the Jesuits. It is time to come back to my immediate subject, and to say something of the men who directed the establishment to which, after a long lapse of time, I still look back with no small affection. More able pens than mine have done justice to the Jesuits. Some, who in after life have forgotten too many of the lessons which they learned in their colleges, have yet not been able to divest themselves of the feelings of regard which those learned and pious men have, beyond all others, the gift of inspiring in their pupils. Others who have not forsaken the right path, but who, in the heat and turmoil of the battle of life, might easily have forgotten any ordinary schoolmasters, still cherish and ever must cherish their recollections of the Jesuits. In the last century the French poet, Gresset, expressed his affection for them in some simple but expressive lines. In the present age Lamartine has sung touchingly of them, or rather of their representatives, the *Pères de la Foi*. Among ourselves R. L. Sheil found time, amid all the struggles of a great political agitation, to write gracefully, though here and there in a spirit which I regret to see, of his school-days at Stonyhurst. Beside what those men have said, my tribute of praise is a small one, but such as it is, I offer it. I can say nothing but what is good of the Jesuits of Fribourg. From first to last, from the Rector to the humblest lay-brother, I have none but kindly recollections of any of them. Zealous and unwearied in the discharge of their duties, they stood to us boys more in the relation of friends than of masters. Irksome as many of those duties must have been, they performed them all in a manner which shewed the difference that must exist between mere paid hirelings and men who do their work conscientiously, and as actuated by a higher motive than mere love of gain. I would never cease if I were to relate all the instances of their kindness and attention to those committed to their charge. Many of them are still living, and therefore I shall not attempt to draw the portraits of more than two whom I know to be dead. One of these was a Father F——, the minister of the house. Besides this office of minister, he also held the post of professor of history, and was besides director of one of the sodalities formed among the boys. He had in early life, so at least the story went amongst us, been a Protestant, and a professor at one of the German Universities. When the War of Liberation broke out in Germany, he had for the while thrown aside his books, and like many of his countrymen at the same period, gone out as a

volunteer to fight against the French for the Fatherland. In after life he made a public avowal of his conversion to Catholicity and joined the Jesuits, against whom he had often spoken with excessive bitterness. I see him still before me, a silvery-headed old man, with a clear complexion and a bright eye, rather stooping in his figure, but with much about him that recalled the old soldier. Thus he was always scrupulously neat in his person, and he had all that frankness of manner and decision of expression, that we associate with those who have seen service. His business chiefly lay with the senior boys, and with them he had great influence. He spoke English well, and delighted in displaying his acquaintance with the familiar turns of our language. When the Jesuits were expelled from Switzerland in 1847, he went to England, and died at Stonyhurst. Of Father G——, the second of the Jesuits of whom I wish to speak, I have a still more vivid recollection. Father G—— was one of the best-looking men I have ever seen. Of a fine portly figure and handsome face, the costume which the Jesuits wore, a plain black soutane, with a simply-cut cloak, became him admirably, and as he walked up and down amongst us, he looked like one fitted for action and authority. He had no small command of language—I might indeed call him eloquent; and I do not think I have ever heard any sermons equal to those which he sometimes preached to us. Another talent of his was that of conversation. His appearance in any of the playgrounds was the immediate signal for a large group to form round him, who would listen with unflagging attention to his anecdotes of what he had seen, and of the men whom he had met. He too is dead. He died the death of a Catholic priest. When the French army proceeded to the East during the late war, he accompanied it as one of its chaplains, and devoted himself with unremitting zeal to his laborious duties. I have heard that in the heat of the battle of the Alma, seeing no other way of reaching the wounded who lay upon the field, he leaped upon the carriage of a gun that was sent to take up a most dangerous position, and thus was carried to the spot where the dying lay thickest. His zeal was rewarded by the French Government with the Cross of the Legion of Honour, but late in the campaign his strength failed him, and he fell a victim to fever brought on by incessant labour.

Such were the men who directed the Pensionnat. I have only particularised two, but were I to go through the whole list, I should not find one undistinguished by some characteristic which fitted him to gain our confidence and affection. And this confidence and affection they gained to a degree unintelligible perhaps to many of my readers. I have seen young men of one or two and twenty, who, one would imagine, ought to be delighted at being freed from the restraint of school, and at the prospect of going forth into the world, crying like girls at leaving the Pensionnat. This feeling of affection for the place and the men was much encouraged by some of what I may fairly call our institutions. On every Thursday we had a holiday, and this holiday was, during the summer months, frequently spent at the country

house at Belfaux, which I have already mentioned. A "grande promenade" to Belfaux was a solemn business. We rose at about four in the morning, and having heard mass, the three divisions assembled, each in its playground, and then the whole school, in three large bodies, headed by the band, proceeded to Belfaux. This band was really a very excellent one. It was composed of the music-masters of the Pensionnat, and of such of the senior boys as had sufficient knowledge of instrumental music to entitle them to admission to it. With the band marched our standard-bearer, carrying the banner of the school, a large silken flag of blue and white, the old colours of the city of Fribourg. At Belfaux we spent the day in utter idleness. Such of the boys as chose went out upon long walks through the woods; others remained at Belfaux playing, or listening to the music performed by the band. When the weather was warm enough we bathed in the large basin appurtenant to the place; and finally, when evening began to fall, we returned in the same order as we had gone forth. As we re-entered the city, there were always great numbers of citizens assembled in the streets to gaze at us as we marched along, and to listen to our band. Some of these walks bore a more distinctive character than the others. Such was the first one which we had in the year; this always took place upon Easter Monday. Such again was that which took place on the fête-day of the Rector. On that day we had plays performed on a temporary stage erected in one of the playgrounds. But perhaps the most marked of all was that which we called the "Promenade des Adieux." This took place shortly before the mid-summer vacation, and was intended as a kind of farewell festival for such of the students as were to leave the school for ever when the scholastic year ended. It was marked by a certain character of gravity and even sadness, which made it totally different from the other walks during the summer. The two lower divisions always more or less took their tone from the first, and in this latter there were, of course, at the close of every year, some young men, to whom that year would be the last spent at the Pensionnat. These young men were, as I have already explained, sincerely affected at the prospect of leaving the place where they had spent so many happy years, and this spirit diffused itself through the division to which they belonged, and from it through the entire school. Thus there was on this occasion an entire absence of the uproarious fun and merriment which generally characterised our visits to Belfaux. Then at the close of dinner, instead of the band assembling and performing its usual selection of music, the boys who formed the choir gathered together, and sang "Les Adieux." This was a melancholy song, expressive of the regret of those who were about to leave Fribourg, and the friends so long known there, and promising that those who quitted it for the world, would, at some future time, come back and spend some days among their old haunts. And these were not mere words. I have often seen young men returning, delighted to find themselves again, even for a time, with their well-beloved teachers and friends. All this, of course, coupled with numerous other matters of

the same kind, tended to keep up amongst us a warm feeling both of affection for our masters, and of pride in our school, as a place to which it was in some sort an honor to belong. This sentiment may, perhaps, to some of my readers, seem forced and unnatural. It was not so; it was genuine and sincere, and indeed, the regard and affection which we felt were well earned by those whose objects they were.

The time however came, when all, teachers and students, who were in the Pensionnat, had to bid a long farewell to it, and without any "Promenade des Adieux," hurriedly to leave the place where many of the teachers at least, hoped perhaps to spend their entire lives. I think that during almost every year that I was at Fribourg, civil war was, for one reason or other, raging in some one of the twenty-two cantons of Switzerland. At one time it was the rising of "La jeune Suisse" in the Valais, and the contest between the upper and lower divisions of that canton. At another it was the attack of the *corps francs* upon the city of Lucerne. In another year it was an attack, unsuccessfully made by the Radical faction, upon the authorities of the canton of Fribourg. All these were but phases of the movement which was going on through the country, and which finally culminated in the Sonderbund war.

Switzerland is but a small country, but undoubtedly in it was perpetrated one of the most glaring triumphs of mere brute might over palpable right, that the world has ever seen. A faction arose, determined at any cost to overthrow all the existing institutions of the country, apparently for no other reason than that they were existing institutions. It would be an abuse of terms to call that party either democratic or liberal. Many of the Swiss cantons, previous to 1847, possessed constitutions which were in fact democracy pushed to its extreme limit. But because those cantons chose to govern themselves in a manner displeasing to the faction which I have spoken of, it was determined to overthrow their constitutions. In fact the great secret was this; Democracy in those cantons did not go hand in hand with irreligion. The men who met to consult about the affairs of their little republics were men who did not blush to be seen at the foot of the altars of God. They spoke little about the rights of man; they contented themselves with being free. They did not turn religion (so far as religion is at all admitted into the scheme of new-fashioned democrats) into a vague purposeless abstraction, but simply abode by the faith which had been handed down to them by their fathers. And as their fathers had humbly knelt to implore strength from on high, before encountering the chivalry of Austria and Burgundy at Sempach and Morat, the catholic Swiss of modern days sought from the same source the wisdom that was to direct their pacific councils. All this was gall and wormwood to the radical faction. But their fury knew no bounds when the city of Lucerne, using its plain, indubitable constitutional right, invited the Jesuits to come and open their schools within its walls. The radicals then redoubled their efforts. A cry against the Jesuits went forth through Switzerland. The filibustering expedition of

the *corps francs* against Lucerne took place, and failed ignominiously. But the radicals went on. Gradually they obtained the upper hand in most of the cantons, and finally in the Federal Diet itself. That body decreed the expulsion of the Jesuits from Switzerland, and the Catholic Cantons, or seven at least of them out of nine, took up arms to defend at once their constitutional liberties and their faith.

There can be no question as to the side on which were Justice and Right in this unhappy quarrel. The Federal Diet had no more right to order the cantons of Lucerne, Schwitz, Fribourg, or Valais, to turn out their Jesuit schoolmasters, than it had to meddle with any other of the internal affairs of those cantons; and no more right to meddle with those internal affairs than Denmark or Sweden has to order the British Parliament to repeal the Emancipation Act. The Federal Diet had authority to regulate all public matters relating to the entire Swiss Confederation. It had not any right to prescribe to any member of that confederation the course it was to pursue in matters solely regarding that member itself. Switzerland was not a country like France or Great Britain, one and indivisible. It consisted of twenty-two sovereign republics, each independent of every other and of all the others, though all were bound together for certain purposes. The cantons which formed the majority in the Diet had no more right to bid the minority expel the Jesuits from their territories, than the minority had to force the Jesuits upon any member of the majority.

In October, 1847, our studies began as usual at the end of the summer vacation. As usual the playgrounds filled gradually, but soon after the scholastic year had opened, it appeared that events must soon take place which would seriously disturb the quiet of our existence. Everything in the school and out of it bore tokens of preparation for war. On whatever road we went out to take our usual walks, we came upon bodies of engineer and artillery officers superintending workmen, who were employed throwing up redoubts to command the different approaches to the city. These redoubts were simply strong earthworks, with a wide ditch running round the outside. We boys, of course, looked on them as all but impregnable, and dark stories ran amongst us to the effect that they were mined, and that even if the Radicals could succeed in forcing an entrance into them, it would be the duty of the officers in command of the redoubts, with their own hands, to fire the trains communicating with the mines, and sacrifice themselves and their comrades rather than surrender. Nearer the city, and just outside the old gates, strong palisadings were fixed, and more earthwork defences were thrown up. In the city itself all the available forces of the canton were collected. Large bodies of men, undoubtedly full of courage, but sadly wanting in smartness of look and in discipline, were being initiated into the first elements of the soldier's trade. These were the peasantry of the canton; men used to plough and tend cattle, but little acquainted with the management of arms, and scarcely, if at all,

accustomed to act in large disciplined bodies. They were quartered everywhere. The barracks in the town were full. We had a large number of them billeted in the Pensionnat, and a grand treat it was for us to be able to watch them, to see how they lived, and to hear what were their feelings and expectations with respect to the coming struggle. A battery of, I think, four guns was established in the playground of the first division, commanding the Berne road, upon the other side of the river. When we went from the Pensionnat to our classes in the college, we found the externs fast ripening into soldiers. They, in fact, formed part of a guard composed of the citizens, for every man in the city expected to have his share in whatever fighting was to take place, and there was no idea of confining the defence of the cause to the regular soldiers of the canton only. When I look back now upon those last weeks preceding the outburst of the Sonderbund War, I am struck at the utter absence of anything like fear or nervousness among any persons whom I can remember. We boys at the Pensionnat, who indeed scarcely dreamed how very serious matters were becoming, looked on the establishment of a battery in our playground, and on the billeting of a detachment of Landwehr amongst us, as very good fun. The externs who, in all probability, would have, if matters came to the worst, to see service of a sufficiently serious description, attended their classes day after day, and wrote their themes as if there was not the slightest chance of their fingers ever being employed to pull a trigger. Some few days, however, before the breaking up, which came only too certainly, we of the Pensionnat ceased to go over to the college, and had our classes to ourselves. What became of the externs from that out I know not. But apart from this one circumstance of our classes being no longer held at the college, our lives went on just as usual. Our masters, whose lives I might almost say, the peace of whose existence certainly, depended on the breaking out or not breaking out of hostilities, and on the event of those hostilities, if they did break out, taught us, watched over us, punished us, rewarded us, and chatted with us, precisely as if the time was one of the most perfect security. The soldiers, whom we saw day by day in our playground, were in excellent spirits, full of confidence in the goodness of their cause, and, perhaps, somewhat too prone to undervalue their opponents. As for anything like fear, either of death or of loss of property, the thing seemed nowhere to exist.

The matter that has most remained on my memory of the circumstances previous to the breaking up of our school, is a high mass that was celebrated in a little chapel a short way outside of the city. At this all the cantonal authorities and some of the troops, together with a large portion of the population, assisted. We of the Pensionnat were there too. The chapel was far too small to contain the numbers who crowded to the ceremony, and the larger part of the assistants had to remain outside. When the mass itself was over, one of the dignitaries of the diocese came out and ascended

a pulpit which was prepared in the open air, and thence preached to the assembled multitude a sermon appropriate to the occasion, and to the particular position of affairs at the time. He recalled to the people their long attachment to their faith, manifested by their having remained true to it while all the cantons around had fallen off. He pictured to them how Swiss patriotism had of old been ever allied to religion, and he called on them now, by all that they deemed most sacred, still to be faithful to the cause, and to fight, if need should be, valiantly for their homes, and for that faith which they had received pure and uncorrupted from their ancestors. Some of my readers may consider this rather a warlike oration to be delivered from a pulpit, but it must be remembered, that the crowd there assembled, consisted of men who were about to defend, emphatically, their holiest rights, "not," in the words of the German poet, Koerner, "contending for the mere treasures of the earth." The faith which they were to fight for was no mere abstraction, but a living religion; they were girding on their arms to contend for all that they had been accustomed to from their youth down; the triumph of their antagonists would sweep away all that they had loved and revered, home-quiet, old customs, and religion. The war about to break out was a religious one, and the success of the opposing party would be the triumph of nothing short of downright infidelity. As a citizen, and as a priest alike, the preacher of that day was in the right. But the sight, taking it altogether, was such a one as is seldom seen now-a-days. Here were the magistrates, the soldiers, and the people of a little republic gathered round the altar to invoke the blessing of God upon their banners. Perhaps to find such an union of piety and patriotism, we should go back to the middle ages, though I can imagine something of the kind occurring in the old French revolutionary wars in La Vendée, or later still, when, in different regions, the Tyrolese and the Spaniards flew to arms to resist the domination of the first Napoleon.

But the end came. The weeks went on, and the Federal forces prepared to march into the canton. I remember a gentleman appearing one day in the playground with the Father Rector, and our being told that he was Mr. Peel, the British minister in Switzerland, who had come to see about the British subjects at the Pensionnat. And another day came, and during the study preparatory to the afternoon class, "Les Anglais" were called out by the Father Prefect. He told us that Mr. Peel had sent for us, and that we should go to Berne. All, he hoped, would yet be well, and our absence would last only for a few days. Accordingly, as time was pressing, we, nine or ten in number, both English and Irish, packed up a couple of shirts, and a few pairs of stockings each, in a knapsack, and thus accounted we bade farewell to our old masters, and left Fribourg, as it turned out, for ever.

Here my recollections end. The public events which followed are matter of history. All that I need say is, that after a very short struggle, the Catholic forces were everywhere overwhelmed by the superior numbers of the

Federal troops, and that a new system was inaugurated in the Catholic cantons, as in all Switzerland. The Jesuits were forced to leave the country, their property was confiscated, their schools were closed, and up to this day, they have not been permitted to return. For my part, I fear I have detained my readers over long. Yet should these pages fall into the hands of any of those who, like me, spent some years under the care of the Jesuits of Fribourg, I trust that my sketch may awaken in them some pleasant recollections. Some things they will smile at: many things they will remember that I have omitted, many, perhaps, more important than what I have written. Still I shall think that I have done much, if I have, even in the faintest manner, brought before their minds the old times and the old places, in which some of our best days were passed, and above all, the old masters, to whom we owe so great a part of whatever little good may be in any of us.

THE RAPPAREE.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH. BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

(CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.)

AFTER he had gone, the old woman, now alarmed at the condition in which she had left their intended victim, returned to her room with a small portion of boiled chicken and some bread—she also brought a little weak wine and water which she knew would be useful in restoring her strength and spirits. On entering the apartment she was astonished at the wild and frantic look of her eyes—yet the very wildness was woeful and gloomy, and the frantic expression was that of a person in whom the powers of life were fast ebbing. Every now and then she put her hand to her bosom, and seemed to search for her skean; and not finding it, she uttered a feeble scream, which in a moment was followed by the miserable laughter we have described. That she might have borne her death from mere starvation with calmness and resignation, there is little doubt, but this resignation was impossible when we reflect upon the outrage which she dreaded, and which mingled its horrors with her physical sufferings.

"Here dear," said the woman, assuming a kind tone, "you have been made to suffer too much; here is a little food for you; but I can't give you much at a time, because they say it might kill you. Here, take a little bread and chicken, and some weak wine and water, and it will refresh and strengthen you."

She looked into the woman's face, but did not seem to understand her. The moment, however, her eyes rested upon the food, the instincts of nature came to her relief, and acted as a substitute for reason. She looked imploringly at the woman, and stretching out her feeble arms exclaimed:

"Oh, give me—give me, save me—save me."

The other then assisted her to partake of the food, but in great moderation, after which she gave her a little of the wine and water. When she had partaken of these refreshments, she looked up into the old woman's

face, and putting forth her hand, she took that of the other in hers—pressed it, and before she let it go, the obdurate old crone felt a few warm tears fall upon it. She started as if touched by, as it were, the shadow of some humane emotion, for with a hideous grimace she said—

"Well, I wasn't always so hard-hearted, and all that I did suffer long—long ago, and all that drew me to wickedness, was the false tongues of my own kind, the foul tongues—the black tongues of women. They first took away my good name, and then I had nothing to guard, and nothing to do, but to be revenged on them whenever I could, for the rest of my life. I will now leave you, and when I think you can take it with safety, I will bring you more food,—it wouldn't do to over-reach the mark either," she said in a low tone—which the other could not hear; after which she left her to herself.

Early that morning the family of the McMahan's were seated at a melancholy breakfast, for we need scarcely say, that neither tide nor tidings of the fair Rose of Lisbuy could be heard by any of those who felt an interest in her recovery. At that moment her friends were hopeless, and knew not on what hand to turn in order to continue the search for her. Whilst in this mood, a person having the appearance of a well-dressed country gentleman rode up to the door—alighted from his horse, and entered the house. As the usual mark of respect in such cases, the whole family stood up from their meal, but the gentleman at once insisted that they should resume their seats and finish their breakfast.

"I am come," said he, "in consequence of a rumour which I have heard concerning the abduction of a respectable female in this neighbourhood—a daughter of a man named Brian Callan I think."

"It's too true sir," replied old McMahon, "unfortunately too true; we have searched everywhere, so has her poor heart-broken father's family, but can't find a mark or token of her any more than if the ground had swallowed her. God help us! this unfortunate day, sir. My son, who was on the point of being married to her, is breaking his heart about her; but what's to be done under God, we don't know."

"I thought at first," said the son, "that it was that notorious profligate, Cornet Lucas, who was at the bottom of it, because he had designs on the girl before; but then we went to the barracks, and the colonel satisfied us that there was no party of men out on the night she was taken; ay, and it's clear enough too that the cornet himself was at home on the same night, for he proved it by witnesses; and yet somehow I am not satisfied,—I know the villain he is."

"Well," replied the gentleman, "I have only to ask if you can bring a horse and pillion to the head inn of Armagh; can you do this?"

"Why, certainly," replied old McMahon, "I will go myself—we have as good a pillion as there is in the parish, and three stout active horses, if one won't do."

"No," replied the stranger, "your son himself must go, and let him wait in Keenan's inn until he receives orders how to act; and when he receives them, let him act upon them quickly. I am myself engaged in this matter for the government of the country, who, although you are not aware of it, have taken the business up. It is supposed that she is with the great Rapparee, and I am upon his trail."

"I don't think, sir," replied the son, "that the Rapparee has anything to do with it—and I'd swear he has not; he never yet, they say, committed an outrage upon any woman, but always made it a point to protect them. Even if he did take her though, it surely is not to the town of Armagh he would fetch her."

"Who said she was in the town of Armagh?" asked the gentleman; "I'm sure I did not. I only desired you to get ready a horse and pillion, and to repair to Keenan's inn, and wait for further orders. If you have such confidence in the Rapparee, why don't you apply to him to restore her?"

"If he knew the circumstances," replied young McMahon, "I am sure he would if he could."

"Ay, if he could," returned the gentleman, "you did well to make that condition; but I believe he has enough to do to take care of himself. At all events, if you choose to be guided by my advice, do so; if not, follow your own course."

"I will certainly take your advice," replied the young man, "and will be in Keenan's inn very soon. I don't intend to let grass grow under us at any rate."

The gentleman then bade them good morning, and young McMahon having saddled a stout horse, and placed a pillion behind him, was almost immediately on his way to Armagh.

"Arrah Pether," said Mrs. McMahon to her husband, as he sat in a thinking mood, smoking his after-breakfast pipe, "who on earth do you think that strange gentleman can be?"

"I have been thinking of that, Mary," replied her husband, "but I can make nothing of it."

"Arrah, would it be him?"

"Him! the Lord help you woman, didn't I see him two or three times when I was payin' my tribute to him. Oh no, Mary, whoever it may be, it's not him; you know it was only the day before yesterday that they say he was hunted for his life by Captain Nisbet and the sogers. Poor fellow, he has other things to think of than Rose Callan."

"I declare there's something in it then, or why would he desire Con to bring a pillion behind him?"

"God knows," said her husband, "from what Con told us the other night about the robbers he met, I wouldn't be surprised if he was at the bottom of it."

"But Con says it wasn't him he met."

"Neither it was, becase Con knows him better than I do; you know it is Con that generally pays him his tribute. God knows, as I said, who it can be; we must only hope for the best. Con won't be long at any rate till he's in Armagh."

CHAPTER VII.

In the mean time, Armagh, in the course of a few hours, was the theatre of a very different scene. Lucas had been about an hour or so gone; his man-servant and the old woman were enjoying themselves over a pot of strong beer, now, as the proverb has it, that the house was their own, and every thing was very quiet in the barracks.

"Pugshey," said the man, "how is the cornet's affair getting on? will the garrison surrender, eh?"

"No," replied Pugshey, "till she's made to surrender, as made she will be."

"Well now, Pugshey, listen to me! here's your health, you blasted witch of Endor! I never was a saint any more than yourself, but curse me, if in my worst days I ever was such a sinner. Now listen! if you had one drop of an honest woman's blood in your parchment old veins, you wouldn't treat that poor girl as you have done; you wouldn't lend yourself to such damned and cowardly villany; you infernal ould hag."

"And listen you!" she replied, her withered features becoming frightful from some venomous poison which seemed to stir itself into hideous life within her;—"listen you! it was the family of that girl that ruined me and mine. In the wars of Cromel they fought against the Parliment; and bekaise we—that is, my family—were Presbyterians, and assisted Cromel at the siege of Droghedy, where some o' them, they said, wor murdered by us, they took revenge upon us afterwards, and burned us ont o' house and home; I'm now payin' them back in their own coin, or in worse coin. *She* doesn't know that, nor would I tell her any thing about it, only I put the thing upon a different footing, although I wasn't far from the truth even in that. I had very little marcy from my own kind, but was hunted down, and by no one so much as the grandmother of this very girl."

"Yes, but this poor girl is innocent."

"I know that; but then hasn't she *their blood in her veins*?"

This wretch was certainly a strong evidence of the consequences of civil strife, and we are sorry to say, that even up to the present period, the feelings engendered by it are still the source of discord and political animosity between parties. We know that, among hundreds of thousands, from whom the very memory of the facts and outrages has been blotted out by time, the dark but bitter principle resulting from them, still remains as a curse to the country.

At this stage of their dialogue, a knock, having something as it were jolly and authoritative in it, came to the door of the room in which they sat,—for be it known to the reader, that as the drink was at their master's expense, they had deemed it an act of ordinary prudence to bolt the door. In a moment every thing was put aside, both the drink and glasses, and Tom very demurely opened the door, when who should enter but the jolly Major Graves. Tom had never seen him before, but the moment he appeared Pugshey recognised him at once.

"Oh Tom," said she, "bring back the things; it's only Major Graves; and Major dear, how is every tether

length of you; and throth I'm right glad to see you, for it's always holiday time with us when you come. Tom, get out the things again; there's no heed in' nor need of heed in' before the Major."

"You're welcome sir," said Tom, with something of detection in his grin, notwithstanding; "I've often heard my master talk of you. Pugshey and I, sir, were takin' a glass of beer, and talkin' over things as they go."

"Well," replied the Major, "what's your name—Oh Tom! Well Tom, my good fellow, let me be no hindrance to either your enjoyment or chat; which of you has the keys? because whilst you are at your beer, I must have a bottle of claret, and no man knows better where to find it than myself—Oh thank you Tom; what a devil of a lot of keys you have! but no, I'm somewhat jaded,—get the claret yourself. Pugshey, go and find me something to eat."

At this moment a gigantic countryman put his huge face into the room, and said:

"May I come in wid de rent, sir?"

"No, sir; get out, you swab, and shut the door. I'll receive your rent by-and-bye, but not till I've got something to eat and drink first; stand outside there; I'll call you in when I want you. It's a giant tenant of mine, who came into town to pay me rent, and I may as well receive it, and write him a receipt here?"

"To be sure, major—to be sure; but, holy man, major darlin', if the beard on your upper lip, and your whiskers, aren't a world's wondher for beauty!"

"Oh, Pugshey, my good old lady, I wouldn't part with those whiskers this moment for the king's commission. So this is the claret?"

"It is, sir; and I suppose you know the value of it."

"I ought, Tom, because it was I who got it for him. What's this, Pugshey? cold fowl!—the very thing I'm fondest of; and ham too. Tom, cut me a slice or two of that ham. Thank you! I like attention and respect, and always reward it. There is half-a-crown for you, and another for you, Pugshey; and now I'll have my luncheon in comfort. Pugshey, I met your master a little out of town; he told me he was going to secure this terrible Rapparee, that wont allow honest people to sleep quietly in their beds—the robbing rascal. He had a party of twelve men with him, and there is no doubt at all but he will come home a made man. Here's that he may succeed as I wish!"

"Troth, sir," said Pugshey, "it's very well he was back from Dublin in time. He went up four days ago to his uncle's funeral, hopin' to come in for a haul."

"Well, but did he?"

"No, sir,—devil a farden he left him; not, as he says himself, even a shillin' to buy a rope to hang himself wid."

"Upon my soul, then, that was a pity, Pugshey," replied the major drily. "Is he long home?"

"He wasn't half-an-hour in the house, sir; had only time to write a letter, when the news about the Rapparee reached him."

He then took three or four glasses of claret, and helped himself to the ham and chicken; after which he

leant back in the chair, and said, with a comic and significant glance at the old woman:

"Now, Pugshy, for the secret and the girl. I must see her."

"Oh, I couldn't do that, major," she replied. "I promised solemnly to let nobody see her; for he told me if I did, he would take my life."

"I know he did, for he told me so; but he desired you, through me, to allow *me* to see her, and to reason with her; and it will go hard if I don't drive all this nonsense out of her head."

"I couldn't do it, sir. I must be faithful to my duty. You know the cornet's rich, and will reward me well for following his orders. No, sir, barrin' he gave you a token, I couldn't think of it."

"That's precisely what he said. Unless I give you a token, major, that faithful old creature will never let you lay an eye on her. The token then," said he, "is that she is in the ninth room, from the corner of the range—so now are you satisfied?"

Pugshy paused for a minute, and then reckoning the rooms, in her own mind, upon her fingers, exclaimed:

"Well, it's true enough, sir; nobody but himself or me could tell you that. It will be useless, at all events, for you to speak to her. She would 'a' stabbed the master with a skean she had, if he had come near her; but I took it from her to-day, because she was so weak that she couldn't prevent me. The master brought it with him when he went out. He desired me, when he was goin' to Dublin, to starve her into compliance; and, indeed, I was near carryin' the joke too far. You'll find her in a poor state, sir."

"The joke, Pugshy—ah, the joke; but, indeed, it would have been a very good joke if it had succeeded; but, perhaps, it *has* succeeded—eh, Pugshy?"

"Not yet, sir, at any rate; but it's hard to tell what might—hem!—only the masther was called away to-day so suddenly."

"Well, get your key, Pugshy, and let us see her; reason and common sense may do a great deal, you know. Come, Tom, you may accompany us till we have a glance at this famous beauty."

On leaving the room they found the colossal countryman still waiting outside.

"Goliah, my man," said the major, "I will take your rent, and give you a receipt in a few minutes. I am going down to room number nine, here—a lucky number they say—and will be back presently."

Goliah grinned significantly, and they proceeded together to visit this unfortunate girl.

Before they enter, however, we must attempt to afford the reader some intimation of what her sufferings had been previous to their appearance in her room. It is very well known by those who have been reduced to the very last gasp by a long starvation, that towards the close of it, all bodily pain ceases, thus very much resembling mortification when it sets in in a vital part. There is nothing then experienced but a general collapse, and a gradual decay of all strength and feeling, which passes slowly and without pain into the unconscious

torpor of death. When a little relief, however, in the shape of food is administered—if this be not frequently, but in small quantities, repeated from time to time, the powers of the system, awakened, by the nutrition already received, into new life, as it were, become sharpened into a state of the most exquisite torture, by an incessant demand for food. This is the worst and most terrible state and stage of starvation; and in this state did the major and his two companions find the object of his search.

As they entered, and indeed before, they heard her melancholy cry for food; and the moment she saw them, the same cry was repeated.

"Oh, food!" she exclaimed, "food—food, for the sake of God! and as you expect happiness, bring me food; for I cannot bear what I suffer. All I *did* suffer is nothing to this!"

"Will you be obedient then?" said the crone; "if you do you will get food."

"If I do," said she, clasping her hands, and looking towards heaven, "may the Almighty strike my name out of the list of mercy! Oh, great God! vouchsafe to grant me strength, for I have no friend."

The major reasoned with her, using the same logic as the old woman, but still received the same reply; and still she called for food.

"Tom," said the major, "go instantly and fetch her food, and a little wine and water."

"I'm danged," said Tom, "if I had known this, I'd have put an end to it, let the consequences be what they might. Have patience, poor girl, I will bring you food."

While he was absent the worthy major walked to and fro the room, giving such glances at the old woman as we need not describe. When he returned the major himself helped her moderately, and also gave her a portion of the claret diluted with water, after which the insatiable cravings seemed to be appeased, and she felt more at ease. The major then stepped to the door, and beckoned to the man he called Goliah to come down. "Tom," said he, as he came in, "we want a cast of your office here;" and as he spoke he locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. "Tie and gag the manservant immediately; don't be alarmed, Tom," he added, "beyond this you shall experience neither hurt nor harm at our hands. Submit quietly, and it will be the better for you; but if you make a noise, that giant will strangle the breath out of your body. Neither do you be alarmed, Miss Callan; we are your friends, and have come to release you from this cruel captivity, to which the dastardly villain Lucas brought you, by an outrage for which he will pay dearly before he sleeps."

"I will not resist, sir," said Tom, "because I cannot blame you for what you do."

In a few minutes he was tightly tied neck and heels, and gagged in such a manner that he could not utter a syllable if his salvation depended on it; and by the time this was accomplished, the infamous old crone found herself in the same state, the worthy major, with his own hands, having afforded her that consolation.

"Now," said he to Rose, "remain as you are for a little, and we shall return for you. Go down to Keenan's, John," said he, addressing the giant, "and bring up the horse and pillion; and if any one should question you, say they belong to Major Graves. Be quick."

John disappeared; and the major, taking up the bunch of keys which the servant had left upon the table, tried such of them as he imagined might fit into the *escrutoire* in which Lucas kept his money. None of them fitted it, however, upon which he drew a skeleton or false key out of his pocket, and deliberately opening the desk, took therefrom the sum of three hundred pounds, principally in gold. Having secured this, he locked it up again, and left it to all appearance precisely as he had found it. In a few minutes the man he called John arrived at the door with the horse and pillion, and the major returning to Rose, said:

"Now, my poor girl, you come with me! I am setting you at liberty—releasing you from the power of one of the most infamous scoundrels that ever disgraced humanity as a man, or his majesty's commission as a soldier."

"But who are you?" she asked. "You are a stranger to me, and I am afraid of you. Indeed, I am afraid of every one—God help me. I hope you are no friend of this villain's."

He stooped, and whispered a word into her ear, upon which her eyes literally danced with delight.

"Praise be to the Lord of heaven!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands, and looking upwards. "Oh, take me away, for I know that, *as a woman*, I can trust in you."

He immediately wrapped her cloak about her, put on her bonnet with his own hands, and taking her up in his arms, as one would a child, he brought her outside the door, which he locked, and having afterwards thrown the key under the grate of the cornet's room, bearing her still in his arms, descended the stairs, and mounting the horse, she found herself on the pillion behind him, having been placed there by his gigantic attendant.

"Now, John," said he, addressing him, "you go quietly out, and join our friends at the appointed place. As for the completion of this exploit, the greatest difficulty, perhaps danger, is yet before me; but I think I have provided for it."

The gigantic countryman then walked out of the barracks; and the major was about to follow him, when, having arrived at the gate, he was challenged by the sentinel, who put the muzzle of his gun against the horse, and desired his rider to stop.

"You cannot go out, major, unless by yourself; and, at all events, not with *that* girl. The orders of my commanding officer are against it."

"Who is he?"

"It was cornet Lucas, sir, who set the guard, after his return from Dublin."

"I know all that," replied the major. "I met him on his way out with his party to take the Rapparee; but I tell you, sentinel, that *this* business"—and he

nodded over his shoulder at Rose—"is likely to get him into a scrape. The colonel has been put on the scent of it, and there's likely to be an investigation, which is likely again to end in a court-martial. Do you understand that? As for me, I saw the cornet to-day, and I'm trying to get him out of it; and for that reason he has allowed me to take my own way in it. Do you understand that again?"

"I understand nothing, sir, but my orders. If I committed a breach of duty for any one, Major Graves, I would for you; because it's not the first time you have enabled me to drink your honour's health."

"No, nor it won't be the last," replied the major. "You know the cornet's handwriting, don't you?"

"I do, sir, as well as my own."

"Now, sentinel, I only tried you—and I honour you for the strict discharge of your duty. Your conduct is highly creditable. I'm an old soldier myself, and upon my honour, had you permitted me to bring this girl out without your master's written warrant to that effect, I would have reported you to him. There's the warrant—read it."

The sentinel accordingly read as follows:—

"To the sentinel on guard at the barrack-gate of Armagh.

"Permit my friend, Major Graves, who is in my confidence, and by whose advice I wish to act—in a certain matter—to leave the barracks in company with any female he may wish to bring with him, without let or hindrance, or question asked.

"WILLIAM LUCAS,
"Cornet in His Majesty's," &c. &c.

"Do you understand any thing *now*?" asked the major, laughing.

"Oh," replied the sentinel, "that alters the matter—pass on major. And I say, your honour, I was at the business that night, and I thought it a piece of stark madness to bring her here."

"Mark me, sentinel," replied the major, "you say you were *at* the business—now, sooner than acknowledge that fact again, go and cut the tongue out of your own head, and give all the fellows that were there the same caution. There will be the devil to pay and to flog about it. There's half-a-crown to drink my health."

"Thank your honour—pass on, major."

The major rode quietly to Keenan's inn, and as he went along he addressed his companion as follows:—

"Now, my dear girl, in order that you might place confidence in me, and feel that I was your protector, and no friend or confederate of that scoundrel Lucas, I had no scruple in communicating my name to you; but on this subject I have a request to ask,—will you grant it?"

"If I can do it with honesty and propriety, sir, I will indeed—indeed I will."

"With honesty," replied the Major smiling, "with honesty—ahem! well, be that as it may, I know you at least are honest. My request then is this, that you will

not breathe the name of the man who saved you from that villain, and rescued you from his clutches—to any living individual until you receive permission from myself. Call me Major Graves. To no human being will you mention it.”

“Ah sir,” she replied with emotion, “it would be bad indeed and ungrateful on my part if I didn’t do that much for the brave man that has saved me from destruction and shame, and my family, ay, and others too, from broken hearts. Sir, I take God to witness, I will never breathe your name as the man that delivered me from worse than death, until I have your own consent for it.”

“That will do, my dear girl,” said he, “I am perfectly satisfied.”

On reaching the inn he alit, and was met by young Con McMahon, who felt amazed at seeing a man in a military undress instead of the gentleman whom he expected.

“I suppose,” said the Major, “you are the young man who were about to be married to this girl. A gentleman—a government commissioner, or something of that sort, who was at your father’s house to-day, got me to come and release the girl, which I have done. She is ill, but bring her in and let her have some moderate and nutritious food, but mark me—not much, unless you intend to injure her. It is creditable in the government to have interfered in this matter, but it is not creditable to the British army to maintain a state of discipline in which such outrages can occur without discovery. In my corps, nothing so shameful and atrocious as this could happen. Take her now, she is as pure and virtuous as when you last saw her. Farewell both; God bless you, and may you be as happy as I wish you!”

His own horse was then brought out, and having mounted him, he rode at a smart trot out of the town by the Newry road.

As to the jolly Major’s further movements, the reader need make no further enquiry about them. He often moved in an eccentric orbit, and like Sir Boyle Roche’s bird, seemed to be in two places at the same time. The scene now changes to the Four-mile House, already alluded to, where three or four stalwart-looking men who appeared to belong to one company, sat with liquor before them, along with some other chance customers, to whom the men we mention seemed to be strangers. They looked rather grave and demure, but if closely examined, a keen spectator would have said that there was a daring, if not a reckless and desperate expression, in the eye and countenance of each.

“Is it true,” asked one of the chance customers, “that the great Tory is dead at last?”

“So report goes,” replied another, “they say Captain Nisbet wounded him, and that although he escaped from them at the time, he’s dyin’ for all that.”

“Who do you mane by the great Tory?” asked one of the other men; “do you mane the Rapparee?”

“To be sure I do, who else—poor fellow!”

“Faith and the country will be well rid of him,” he

replied; “he has kep it in sich a state of terror and alarm for as good as five or six and twenty years, that an honest man, especially if he had money, couldn’t sleep safely in his bed for him. As for myself I’m main glad to hear that there’s an end to him and his robberies. Where was there a gentleman’s house, or a nobleman’s castle that hasn’t been garrisoned as if it was in a state of siege, in consequence of him and his gang—the thieves.”

“It’s very well, my good friend,” replied the other, “that neither he nor any of his men hears you spakin’ the same words. He wasn’t so bad as you say.”

“What I say is truth,” returned the other, “and where’s the man can deny it? Is there a man in the two provinces of Ulsther and Leinsther worth fifty pounds in the world, that’s not forced to keep arms in his house, and to fortify it every way he can before he goes to bed? and don’t the gentry of the counthy sleep with a pile of blunderbushes and other arms on a table beside their beds, and a candle burnin’ on it all night.”

“Well, I believe it ’ud be useless to deny that same, sure enough,” said the man, “but every one knows that he was kind and generous to the poor. Faith neighbour, say what you will, I’m very sorry for him, and my own opinion is, that he’ll be a great loss to the country.”

“I hope you’re none of his men,” said the other sharply, and with something like suspicion.

“No,” replied his enlogist, “and maybe he has better men than me, and maybe, too, he’d be a different man to day from what he is or was, only for the cursed laws of the country.”

“Ay,” said another of the strangers, named Shane, it would seem, for so his companions called him, “Ay, indeed, devil reshave de one o’ dem thieves but as soon as dey take to de highway, but laves it and on de poor harmless laws—de cratures. Ho—ho, dat’s a fine excuse for a robber. It’s very like de story dat I heard of de wolf and de lamb, poor ting. Dey breaks de laws first, and den dey quarrels wid ’em.”

“Well done Shane, let him answer that if he can,” said one of his companions.

“Well, but wasn’t he first outlawed,” replied the other, “and couldn’t appear at large in the country.”

“Outlawed!” said Shane, “faix den it was full time for him to be outlawed, for he let daylight through one o’ de king’s fellow-shubjex. However, God be good to his soul if he’s dead, and to his body if he’s livin, and I say this bekaise I’m a christyeen man, and wishes well to my inemies.”

At this stage of the conversation the landlord came in—a red-headed Milesian, with a face freckled almost into scales, a pair of deep-set cunning eyes and a saddle nose, under which opened a cavernous mouth, that displayed an enormous *chevaux de frise* of strong ill-sorted tusks, yellow as saffron.

“Neighbours, there’s something stirrin’ abroad in the county; here is an officer with a party of sogers, and I think I know who they’re lookin’ for; but thanks be to

goodness, he's not here. The d—d villain, I wouldn't for his weight in gold that he was found in my house."

"What villain do you mane?" asked the apologist of the Rapparee.

"Why the Tory that was shot by Captain Nisbet's sogers, the great robber of the North."

"Well, I think he's not likely to trouble you," said the other; "isn't the man dead or dyin', they say?"

"And I'm glad to hear it," replied the landlord, "only I hope he won't die here. As to that, if he was dead this minute, I'd take my oath his very ghost would rob on the highways."

"In that case," replied his friend, "it would be bad policy to take his life,—he might do more harm dead than livin'."

"At any rate," said the landlord, "there's a report abroad for the last couple of days that he wishes to die in this house, that is, if he's not dead already. It was here in a quarrel he once killed a man, and they say he thinks that, as a punishment and penance on himself, he ought to die nowhere else. I'll take very good care he won't die here though,—I might desert the house if he did; for devil resave the man, woman, or child, 'ud come near it afther nightfall, the place is so lonely."

They had scarcely concluded when Lucas and his men entered the house, and the former immediately demanded to see the landlord. This worthy man at once presented himself, and asked what refreshment his honour and his party required.

"First put those men out," said Lucas, "and after that I have something to say to you."

"My friends, will you please to go out for a while," said the landlord; "his honour has something to say to me."

"But we're travellers, landlord," said one of the knot we have alluded to, "and as we're tired, and intend to sleep here all night, it's hardly fair to disturb us."

"I am on the king's business, my friends," said Lucas, "and if you don't disappear in an instant, you shall feel something to your disadvantage—get out you scoundrels at once!"

"Oh! on de king's business, God bless him," said Shane; "bedad we'll do any ting for de king, or to help de sogers af dey wanted us; come boys, we must obey de offisher and his sogers."

"It's well you did," said Lucas, "otherwise—begone I say. Now landlord," he proceeded, after they had disappeared, "where is this man?"

"What man, your honour?"

"Why, the Rapparee, that's lying wounded in this house."

"Sir, I thank goodness there's no such man here; or rather, I'm devilish sorry that there is not."

"You are lying, sir," replied Lucas; "I see the lie in that damnable grin of yours, and I give you my honour that if we find him here, you shall accompany him to Armagh gaol. As his harbourer, you are as liable to be hanged as he is."

"I know that, sir," replied the landlord; "but come

—let you and your men follow me, and if he is here you must find him."

The whole house was searched,—the out-houses were searched, every nook and corner was searched,—the chimnies were searched,—every press—chest, and every bed in the house was searched, but without success. There was no Rapparee nor Tory within the premises, and Lucas's indignation at the disappointment was at the red heat, after their return to the tap-room.

"I see you're disappointed, sir," said the landlord, in a confidential voice; "but I have something to say to you, only I don't know whether I should say it before the men or not."

"Come into another room," said Lucas; and they accordingly did so. "Now," he continued, "what is it you have to say?"

"Did you get information he was here, sir?"

"Why do you ask that question?"

"Bekaise, if you did, the information wasn't far wrong—he *was* to be here, and he *is* to be here—and if I'm not mistaken, he'll be here this evenin'."

"How is that?"

"Why, sir, his friends have given it, that he's either dead or dyin', in order to prevent any search for him; but I believe the truth is, he's only slightly wounded; for how could he escape from Captain Nisbet's soldiers if they had wounded him severely?"

"That's very true," said Lucas; "but then why should he wish to come here?"

"Ah, sir, you don't know the cunning of that man. He thinks he'll be safer in a house like this, bekaise it's the last place that anybody would think of searchin' for him, and that he can stay here till he recovers. I'm glad you came, sir. You've saved me trouble; for, I tell you, that if he had come here, I'd have had the knowledge of it in Armagh barracks, as fast as man and horse could carry it."

"In the present case, what would you have me do then?" asked Lucas. "Do you think he will be here in the course of the day?"

"Why, as to that, you know, sir, that as I'm in none of his saicrets, it's impossible for me to say; but I think, from what I hear of his cunning, that it's very likely—and for that reason, I'd recommend you and your party just to stop where you are until evening."

"Yes; but don't you think it improbable that he would expose himself, by coming here in daylight?"

"Why, sir, it's just bekaise no one 'ud suspect him of such a thing, that he'll come in daylight; but you know very well he'll come disguised, if he *does* come. Your plan then is, at all events, to wait until evenin', so as that you may have the chances, if they're in your favour."

"Well, under the peculiar circumstances of this affair, I believe, landlord, you are right—and in that case, you had better prepare something in the shape of dinner for us. We can't sit here all day with empty stomachs."

"Oh, then, I'm afraid, sir, I have nothing daicent enough for yez—nothing fit to offer yez."

"Why," asked the other, "what have you got?"

"Why, then, divil a thing, sir, barrin' ham and fowl."

"And what better could you give us?" said the other. "Let it be ready in due time. I only hope the rascal Rapparee will come, and that we sha'n't have our journey for nothing."

"Well," replied the landlord, "I hope there's no fear o' that. God knows, it 'ud be a pity that you should go home as you came. Would you accept of a glass of wine, sir, as a treat from me, wid great submission for takin' such a liberty?"

"No, sir," replied Lucas, somewhat superciliously, "I shall not; but fetch me a bottle, and let the men have something to drink—not much though, for they must keep strictly sober. It's but fair we should do something for the house, at all events. Bring the wine to another apartment; my presence might only interrupt business in your tap-room."

All this was immediately complied with. Dinner in due time made its appearance, Lucas dining in the apartment where he had been sitting, and the soldiers in the tap-room. A considerable portion of the day had now passed, and evening was drawing on. The soldiers, in the meantime, had been plied with more liquor than had been contemplated by their commanding officer. The knot of strange travellers, whom we have mentioned, entered into conversation with them, and as a mark of their respect for the "brave sogers," treated them very liberally, so that when the landlord presented his bill, and received payment from Lucas, the item for liquor did not go beyond what he had ordered them, whilst in the meantime, most of them were tipsy.

CHAPTER VIII.

LUCAS was now about to give up all expectation of the Rapparee, and had thoughts of turning out for barracks, when the landlord approached him, in a state of great but joyful agitation, saying:

"Well, sir, if ever a gentleman was born to luck, and fame, and fortune, you are. By the sky above us, he's coming. I saw, this minute, four men carryin' a sick person down the road towards the house. Keep quiet, sir, and don't let your men stir till they come—then pounce upon them."

He had scarcely spoken, when four men bore an old decrepid female into the tap-room, and stretched her upon a couple of chairs. She was evidently dying, and called aloud for a clergyman. Lucas, big with expectation, approached her, but a single glance was sufficient to convince him. Instead of the far-famed Rapparee whom he had expected, there was nobody ill but some wretched old crone, who was apparently in the last agonies. In order to assure himself, however, against imposition, he examined her withered arms and hands, inspected her worn and wrinkled features, and her thin, shrivelled neck; after which he returned to finish his bottle, mortified and disappointed to the last degree. "Some infernal antiquated hell-cat," said he, "the very picture of old Pugshy Wallace."

The unfortunate wretch, in the mean time, was cal-

ling, in tones so wild and full of despair, for the assistance of a Protestant clergymen, that she became the subject of general compassion, especially as there was not a minister of that persuasion within two or three miles of the house. No person, however, should, under the most desponding circumstances, ever abandon hope. Whilst the poor woman was feebly shrieking for the consolations of religion, a venerable-looking gentleman, far advanced in years, was observed riding past the house, but without any apparent intention of stopping; and that he was of the Protestant church, too, was sufficiently evinced from his shovel hat, and his very canonical costume. This fact was mentioned to the landlord, who at once ran out and acquainted him with the deplorable condition of the dying woman.

"I trust, your reverence, it was heaven sent you on the way," said he; "and at the very nick of time, too—for I see you are a Protestant clergyman, and it is such she is crying out for."

The clergyman had pulled up the noble horse on which he rode, and exclaimed:

"I trust it was, my friend; but I am feeble, very feeble, and you must assist me to alight. I am indeed glad of this—poor creature, bring me to her; but stay, I must lean upon you, for, as I said, I am indeed very feeble, my friend, and feel that this poor woman's case will soon be my own."

In this manner they entered the tap-room where she lay; and the parson, having contemplated her for a few moments, raised his eyes with a strong devotional feeling, and, turning round, said:

"My friends, will you be good enough to withdraw for a brief space—it will not be long; for the parting spirit is just hovering upon her lips; retire with quietness—no noise; soldiers, never mind the arms—the noise of removing them will distract and disturb her at this solemn moment, when all should be peace. There now—thanks; your arms will be safe; just stand outside, and shut the door. Landlord, do you stay! Have you any cold water in the room, that I may wet her lips?"

"Yes, please your reverence," replied that person; "here's a jug full of it."

"Set it over here then, and close the door."

The landlord complied with both his wishes, after which his voice could be heard outside, admonishing and consoling the dying sinner to whom he had been so providentially conducted. At length the ceremony was concluded; and the company, on re-entering the room, had the satisfaction to see that the mind of the departing woman was composed. She expressed herself quite happy, and very grateful for the spiritual aid she had received.

"Landlord," said the benevolent old gentleman, "it would be kind in you to remove this poor old creature to a bed. There is something profane in seeing a Christian spirit pass to its last account in such a place as this. Remove her to a bed then; and accept of this to requite you;" and as he spoke, he placed a sum of money in his hands. "You have there," he added, "what will enable you to provide her the necessary comforts which she

may require, for the short time she lasts, and for her decent interment afterwards. She tells me she was taken suddenly ill on the public road, not far from the house. In this case, it is not improbable that she may still recover. If so, landlord, let her have the trifle which I placed in your hands. Pray, where are those soldiers from?"

"From Armagh, your reverence," replied the landlord.

"Are they accompanied by an officer in command of them?"

"They are, your reverence."

"I am very feeble; would you present my compliments, and say I am too weak to wait upon him, and that I shall take it as a favour if he will come to me here. Say I am the Rev. Doctor Wilson of Killeeny, and would be glad to see him."

This was done; and, in the meantime, the sick woman was immediately removed to another room, and placed in a comfortable bed.

"Sir," said the clergyman, addressing Lucas when he entered the room, "I understand you are the officer in command of this party."

"I am, sir," replied that gentleman.

"Pray, is your route for Armagh? because if it be, I should feel glad of your escort so far."

"It is, sir," replied the other; "and we shall feel very happy to afford you our protection."

"Many thanks, sir; I shall gladly avail myself of it. Do you soon travel?"

"I think we shall go immediately," replied Lucas.

"We have been waiting here upon a matter of importance for many hours, and I am beginning to fear that a worthy friend of mine has suffered himself to be humbugged, and made a regular cat's-paw of, and myself to boot. Sergeant Wallace, turn out the men; and, landlord, my horse!"

In a few minutes he and his twelve dragoons were mounted; but the feeble old man was somewhat more tardy; he leant upon the landlord to his horse, and was not able to mount him without his assistance. We may observe that the strange travellers who left the room with the soldiers whilst the clergyman was engaged with the dying woman, did not again return with them, nor were they seen afterwards about the place. They had disappeared.

The night was now clear, and the moon, then in her second quarter, was only occasionally visible. Still it might be called a bright night, as the clouds that from time to time obscured her, were fleecy and transparent. The party had now ridden some miles, and reached a lonely part of the road, which was hemmed in on each side by several ranges of trees. On arriving here, a band of men came out, right and left, upon them; but not until they had had sufficient time to have recourse to their fire-arms; and it would seem that this delay of the attacking party was deliberate and voluntary, their object being to dishearten the soldiers by allowing them to feel that their arms were useless. The landlord, in fact, had, while the clergyman was engaged with the woman, taken the

powder out of the pans of their guns, and poured water into the touch-holes, after which he replaced the powder in the pans, lest upon examination it might be missed, and the trick discovered. The soldiers levelled their carbines at them, and fired—but without effect, nothing resulted but so many flakes in the pan.

"O mother of Moses, we are betrayed!" said Lucas.

"Our arms have been tampered with, and are useless."

"Yes, Lucas," replied the decrepid clergyman, seizing him by the collar, with a grip like that of Hercules, "you are betrayed, and shall now suffer for your inhuman and cowardly conduct to the inoffensive and virtuous daughter of Brian Callan." He held a pistol in one hand, as he spoke.

"Seize and disarm every man of them!" he shouted, "I shall take care of their commander. Lucas!" he said, addressing that gentleman; "if you move a single muscle in the act of resistance, I shall shoot you dead; otherwise your life will be spared."

The struggle between the Rapparees and the military was but short; and we need not feel surprised at this, because there were upwards of two to one against the latter, most of whom, moreover, were intoxicated, and almost incapable of resistance; independently of this, the Rapparees were by far the more powerful and desperate men.

"Strip them," said their leader—"every man of them; then tie their wrists tight behind them. Take off coat, waistcoat, and shirt; and when that is done, send Goliah here. Now, Lucas," he added, "if you possessed the spirit of a gentleman, or the courage of a soldier, I would myself cross swords with you, and give you a chance. But, in either sense, you have no claim of the kind upon a brave or generous man. None but an inhuman scoundrel, and a coward at heart, would treat any female as Miss Callan has been treated by you."

"I was from home," replied Lucas, "and am not responsible for it. It was contrary to my wishes."

"Was it contrary to your wishes, sir, that she was dragged away in the clouds of the night from the protection of her father's roof, with so abominable and brutal a purpose. Now, sir, I tell you that I—even I—the Rapparee and outlaw, will have you disgraced as a soldier, and cashiered as a coward and a scoundrel from the British army. The officers of the British army, sir, are—with some exceptions, like you and others—brave men, and gentlemen, and you may take my word for it, they will neither abet nor countenance you as the perpetrator of such an inhuman and revolting outrage as this."

In a few minutes the military were stripped naked from the middle up, each man with his wrists tied so tightly behind him that he could render, neither to himself or others, the least assistance. During the performance of this feat, the Rapparee held Lucas hard and fast, and when it was completed, he said:

"Send Goliah here."

This was the name he had bestowed upon the man known as "strong John M'Pherson," in consequence of his tremendous physical powers.

"Now, Goliah," said he, "take this scoundrel and

strip him precisely as the others, by far his betters, are stripped. If he attempts to injure you, I will shoot him dead; and when he is stripped, I will then give you further directions; but in order to save time, take another man to assist you."

When this also was accomplished he beckoned to a stout, active-looking little fellow, known among them as "Quee Harry."

"Come here," said he—"have you the scourges—the cat with nine tails?"

"I have, sir," replied Harry; "and, upon my soul, it's I that's ripe and ready to use them."

"Take him over, then," said he, addressing Goliah and his companion; "strap him with a rope against a tree—and you, my little man, give him fifty lashes; neither more nor less."

When Lucas heard this he could keep silence no longer.

"If you be the Great Rapparee," said he, "you belie your own character. I have often heard that you were generous."

"Generous!" he replied, proudly—"who dares assert that I am *not*? Yes, sir," he proceeded, "I have performed acts of generosity, of charity, of mercy, that your dastardly spirit could not conceive during a whole eternity. But I am not here to justify my life. I leave that to another tribunal. I am here, however, to punish you, not only for the cruelty you inflicted upon an innocent girl, but for the atrocious and diabolical outrage which you intended. Take him away and punish him."

In less than a minute he was strapped to a tree, as directed, when Quee Harry immediately set to the work of castigation, which he plied with such sincerity and vigour, that the unfortunate scoundrel's screams and howlings might have been heard at an immense distance—tradition states it at that of three miles, as the night, it is said, was calm. When this was concluded, they placed him, bound and bleeding, at the head of his men, all of whom were obliged to walk in that degraded state into the barracks of Armagh.

"Here is a skean I got with him," said Goliah.

"What the devil could have made *him* carry such a thing?"

"Give it to me," said the Rapparee. "I will return it to the proper owner, who, I trust, will never again be obliged to use it in defence of her honour and good name."

The Rapparee's words to Lucas were prophetic. His brother officers, headed by Colonel Caterson, having been led, by an investigation into the punishment inflicted on him by the Rapparee, to sift the particulars of the outrage which, now that the poor girl was free and in a state of safety, flew like wildfire over the whole country, instituted an inquiry, which ended in his trial by a court-martial, the sentence of which was: "That Cornet Lucas, in consequence of being convicted of conduct unbecoming and disgraceful to an officer and a gentleman, be dismissed the British army." Nor was this all.—He was prosecuted for the abduction by her father, aided and supported by the brave and fiery Johnstons of the Fews, and received as punishment a term of two years' imprisonment.

Here, now, may the reader perceive, not only the

extraordinary talents and fertility of invention which characterised this remarkable man, but the singular ease and felicity with which he inflicted upon the head of Lucas such a terrible plenitude of vengeance. In the first place, he robbed him of three hundred pounds; next he robbed him and his soldiers of whatever money they had about them when stripped; then of their clothes, arms, ammunition, and horses, all of which were seized upon as regular and legitimate booty, and as such were they appropriated. But, perhaps, in the catalogue of disgraces which Lucas suffered, the degradation of his being flogged like a felon by the hands of a common highwayman, and driven, we may almost say, into his own barracks at the head of twelve of his own men, tied and stripped naked, was, of all he suffered, the most bitter and penitential to him. He nourished a long and undying vengeance, however, and ultimately lived to turn the tables upon the Rapparee;—but no more of this here, as we hope to treat the whole subject on a larger scale.

One evening about a month after the event we have just described, there was a wedding held at the house of honest Brian Callan. The sun shone clear and cloudless, the air was balm, and a mild, serene light lay upon the face of nature. The assemblage was numerous, and every countenance was lit up by a sense of happiness and innocent enjoyment. Callan's house, although large and spacious, was unable to contain the numbers whom the hospitality and kindness of both parties—we mean the friends of the bride and groom—had brought together on the occasion. They consequently adjourned to a beautiful green that stretched beside the house, where they had ample room to enjoy the dancing, which is usual on such occasions. Here healths went round, stories were told, and songs were sung, whilst the merry dance was sustained with agility and vigour. In this state were the individuals who composed this festive and happy meeting, when a well-dressed and very handsome gentleman approached, and after a pause advanced to the bride, whom he bowed to gracefully, then turning to her husband, he said:

"Sir, will you permit me one dance with your lovely bride?"

"With pleasure, sir," replied M'Mahon; "you do her and me an honour."

He then took her out, and danced with a degree of ease and elegance that surprised them all, whilst, at the same time, he retained all the steps peculiar to the best dancers among the peasantry. Having concluded it, he led the blushing girl back to her seat, and taking her skean from his breast, he presented it to her, with those words:

"This, you know, is yours; and I feel satisfied that you never will again have occasion to use it in defence of your honour. Keep it as an heir-loom in your family, and as a memorial to your children of their mother's virtue. Perhaps you may also tell them, when I am in the dust, that on your wedding-day you had the honour—I will say so—of taking one dance with Redmond Count O'Hanlon!"

IL NY A PLUS D'ENFANTS AUJOURD'HUI.

L

I HAVE been entertained examining a collection of French lithographs with this title: "Il n'y a plus d'enfants aujourd'hui." Few, doubtless, there are, who are unacquainted with Punch's admirable caricatures in the same line.

What disturbs me is the careless way in which people take the matter—a serious one—although giddy, thoughtless persons may laugh, and consider it as simply amusing. But what, may I ask, are we to expect from the future lives of the precious little men and women growing up around us, with so little of the simplicity and trusting innocence which used to belong to children formerly. The softening influence of a happy, guileless childhood is, I say, necessary to the ultimate well-being of all men and women; when circumstances are such as to cast a blight on the opening years of a young life, does not that blight throw its shadow over all after years. Do we not often hear of beings steeped and hardened in crime, melted to repentance, and a blessed longing for better things, by the awakening of the long-existing, though sometime dormant memory, of a period when they too were innocent and guileless children—pure, happy, and unstained.

Don't decide hastily that I treat the matter too seriously; a little reflection will prove to you that I am pretty right. I have given the subject a good deal of thought. Being a single lady, possessed of a comfortable independence, I have few cares or troubles, and plenty of time to look about me, to mark, at my leisure, how the world spins; and to turn over in my mind anything that may strike me as worthy of consideration. Having mentioned this much concerning myself, I think I have given all the information requisite for my purpose. I may as well, however, add, that my younger sister, Sophia, and my elder brother, John, are both happily married: and, moreover, that I, being the maiden aunt of the family, am often able to be of use to them and the dear children, all of whom I have nursed and petted at one time or another. I need hardly have mentioned this last, however, as an occupation of mine; maiden aunts are generally nurses first, and confidantes afterwards to all nephews and nieces. This accounts, too, for the interest I feel in children, and my anxiety about them. But children are no longer children.

Now, a young lassie of fourteen or fifteen is (in her own estimation,) quite a "demoiselle formée," as the French say. She dons boots with high heels to add to her inches, and to increase the noise she makes in her progress through the world: she assumes, with the help of an enormous hoop, a goodly place, or rather space, in society. Then she must have something glaring about her—bright colours are her delight; red petticoats she must have; aye, and red coats, too, if she can get them! Thus furnished and equipped, the modern young lady strikes me as being more forward than maidenly, more noisy than elegant, more showy than lady-like. But, of course, I may be wrong: old maids are pro-

verbially censorious, and it may be that I have caught something of the acerbity common to my genus.

Let us, however, take the modern young lady in the bud—the wee, wee girls one meets now-a-days—the miniature women who have replaced the simple, innocent children who once upon a time peopled the juvenile world. Only last week a youthful specimen of nine, came to visit me with her mother. Inadvertently enough did I offend my guest;—I asked her if she had many pretty dolls! Bless her little heart!! My dear! with what an air of ruffled dignity did she toss her curls about! with what contempt did she pucker up her plump bits of lips, and give an additional cock to the round morsel of a *nez retroussé*! With what a tone of lofty and dignified rebuke did she reply to my frivolous query: "Dear me, my dear Miss Crosby! why, I gave up dolls ages ago!" Nor did the diminutive countenance relax from its offended expression, until I produced some rich plum cake, and a basket of my famous Ribston pippins, for the delectation of my tiny young woman. The insulted self-importance of nine was not proof against plum cake and rosy apples. She recovered her equanimity sufficiently before her departure to favor me with some valuable opinions on the state of things in general, and of things in our town of Ballydoyle in particular. Amongst other ideas equally profound and astonishing coming from such a quarter, I was informed confidentially, that "now that Ballydoyle was no longer head-quarters, the place was absolutely not worth living in! It was quite stupid enough before, but now that those handsome rifle officers, with their dear little caps, and ducks of silver chains, and lovely legs, and oh! *darling* leggings, had been sent off to that horrid, nasty, dirty Curragh camp,—my dear Miss Crosby, there is no one in the town worth looking at!"

So thought the mature young lady of nine, and such were her exact words, delivered between mouthfuls of bread and jam, and emphasized with many profound shakes of the head, and more than one deep sigh of regret for the wearers of the *darling* leggings.

And when mites of nine or ten learn to occupy themselves with rifle officers, and their caps, and their chains, and their legs, and their leggings, and their hair, and their eyes, and their noses, we can hardly wonder that our old friends, the dolls, should have to yield to such formidable rivals.

I must say I pity any little girl who gives up dolls even for the attractive occupation of admiring officers and their appurtenances. Yes, I sincerely pity the little girl who "does not care for dolls." One of my pleasantest reminiscences, is of the time when I had half a dozen dolls under my matronly charge. I used to work diligently for them, consulting their tastes from time to time, as I plied my needle. There was cutting-out, and mending, and making, and planning and pondering over contrivances, by which to adapt old dresses to new modes; for of course, my dolls, as well as ladies, "might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion." A little management and some skill was necessary, for Miss Snipkin, (who dwelt next door, and whose dolls were

very intimate with mine, being not only on visiting terms, but also on tea-drinking terms), was blessed with a very fond mamma, who always had her daughter's dolls' dresses made up by a Dublin milliner. Of course, it would not do to have my charges look shabby beside those of the fortunate Miss Snipkin. For the especial use and adornment, therefore, of my ever-smiling companions, did I produce miniature editions of every article to be found in the female wardrobe. Even Miss Snipkin was at times moved to envy by the completeness of the appointments. And let me tell my young demoiselles, that I found the expertness at the needle thus acquired, to stand me in stead up to the present hour, to my own advantage, and to the advantage of my brother's and sister's children. Many a shilling, aye, and many a pound have I been able to put to other use, that should have been expended on dress and dressmakers, were it not for my early practice as a skilful sempstress for my dolls.

Had I married, (I had two very good proposals, but the proposal I longed for was never made, *Edward* being—but this is not the point at present)—had I married, I say, and been blessed with children of my own, I am confident I should have been able to turn to good account the skill acquired in my first essay in the management of a wardrobe. Neither would my *Edward* (had he been my *Edward*) have had cause to complain of buttonless shirt-collars or wristbands. A trivial thing in itself, perhaps, but we all know, more productive of quarrels, and sulks, and ill-temper, and tears, than any other, big or little. But what youngwife is there, loving her husband as she ought, (as I should have loved *Edward*, had he not married another) with all her heart and soul, who would call anything a trifle which could cloud that husband's face, or cause him to think his wife negligent of his comfort! I remember after *Sophia's* marriage, how she used to come to me, at times almost in tears, to ask me how on earth she should manage to please *George* in everything? The first matter that threatened to disturb their domestic quiet was sugar. Now, what young lady could ever imagine that it would be possible for her beloved *Adolphus*, or *Angustus*, or *Reginald*, to whom her slightest wish is law, to look cross and turn peevish on account of a grain of sugar too much or too little in his tea? Perfectly absurd, is it not, young ladies? What a very ridiculous idea, to be sure! And yet, strange, and absurd, and ridiculous as the idea may appear, I can assure all young demoiselles that with my own eyes I have seen my sister *Sophia* in tears three weeks after her marriage, because "*George* had said she never paid the least attention to his tastes; he had told her fifty times, if he had told her once, how he liked his tea, and never, by chance, did he get it right. At one time there was not even a taste of sugar, at another it was treacle; really it was too bad. The least *Sophia* might do would be to please him in little things, which would cost her no trouble!" I must confess I did, at first, secretly opine that *George* had gone a little too far. Such an ill-tempered speech was surely uncalled

for on such a trivial occasion, but on further inquiry it turned out that on the previous evening the poor fellow had come home very much out of sorts on account of some harassing lawsuit in which he was engaged, and which had gone against his client. We all know how easy it is to upset our equanimity when our mind is filled with some weighty matter—some serious business. How much more so after such a disappointment as *George* had encountered. At such moments a stool placed in the way would suffice to call forth some ebullition of ill-temper. I said as much and more to *Sophia*, recommending her, at the same time, always to study her husband's tastes, even the most trifling; and always to strive, by every means in her power, not excepting the size of a lump of sugar, to make home agreeable to him. Surely, when a man has been abroad all day toiling and working, and enduring, it may be, rebuffs and disappointments, the least he may have, after his day, is a happy and comfortable home to return to, and a loving and attentive wife to welcome him there. When *Sophia's* daughter, *Georgina*, is grown up, I mean to impress these ideas upon her mind; and when she is about to become a wife, as I trust she will, I intend to impart to her my experience of married life. It seems odd, does it not, to hear an old maid speak of her experience in that way? But however odd it may seem, I really have had a good share of the commodity. Why, upon my word, had I married *George* myself, I could hardly have taken more pains to study his tastes and disposition, and to find out the best means of rendering home agreeable to him. *Sophia* was a mere child when she became his wife, and in all her little difficulties, whether caused by sugar, or servants, or housekeeping accounts, or bills, she had recourse to me. And my advice to her, from first to last was—"Never allow yourself, for an instant, to regard anything as a trifle, whereby you can afford the slightest satisfaction to your husband, or spare him the smallest amount of trouble or annoyance. It is thus you will prove your affection: thus you will make home happy: thus you will preserve unchanged the love of the strong heart you were so proud to win."

Rambling away from my subject, I find. The fact is, that I have got the habit of sermonizing at times. An old maid must be excused for being occasionally prolix: having little to think about on her own account, she must think and speak for others.

Well, well; if my nephew *Alexander* were here to read this, he would most likely inform me, with a grin, that I need never expect to write well, as I cannot for the life of me keep steadily to a point. He once told me that a woman who could do so would be a moral anomaly! But the dear boy is really fond of his aunt, although he says such things, and laughs in my face to make me join in the laughter against myself.

Speaking of *Alexander* reminds me of something that occurred the other morning; a case in point, I suppose I may venture to call it. We were coming up the high street of *Ballydoyle*, he and I, when I was struck with the ridiculous figure made by a small boy, mounted on

a remarkably tall horse. Whereupon I enquired of Alexander, who the child could possibly be?

"Why, aunt Fan, don't you know O'Grady?—Charlie O'Grady—the best old fellow in the world, and just home from Oscot for vacation."

So it was little Charlie O'Grady sure enough, who, riding up with as much grace as his difficult position could permit of, politely doffed his tall hat—(I wonder at the child's father to allow him to make such a *maneen* of himself,)—and apologized for not dismounting, "as his animal was so doocedly spirited and restless."

"Going to the meet at the club-house to-day, old fellow?" enquired my nephew of the diminutive equestrian.

"Aw—yes—I rather think so. In general, you see, the thing is rather slow for me, but to-day I understand we are to have a good many petticoats there. That's my attraction, Miss Crosby; I am a devoted admirer of the fair sex!"

I am not generally considered very ill-natured, but this gallant speech, and the smile that accompanied it, proved too much for my equanimity. I felt an intense desire to take the diminutive Nimrod, literally and figuratively off his high horse, box his ears soundly, and consign him to the nursery for the remainder of his stay in Ballydoyle. It would be a pity to deprive this "devoted admirer of the fair sex" of the delights of female society, so I would have given him into nurse's charge. He should have quite enough of petticoats under her government. I am sorry to have to acknowledge that the little urchin irritated me very much.

How people, considering themselves endowed with a fair share of common sense, can tolerate such precocity, is more than I can imagine. There is my sister Sophia now, for instance. She came in to see me yesterday, and informed me, with an air of intense amusement, how Georgina, who has attained the mature age of ten, had been overheard carrying on a most romantic conversation with an elder cousin. How she had been heard to avow to her confidante that she had long cherished a hopeless attachment for a handsome, young officer, who had, alas! lately been removed to the Curragh camp (another case of leggings and dear little caps, I suppose);—"she did not hope for a return," she said, heaving a profound sigh, "but she should ever cherish for him a truly *Plutonic* affection!" Warming with the theme, and plunging into adjectives of an original kind, composed expressly for the occasion, or used with a noble disregard to the vulgar acceptations, the love-lorn damsel dilated in glowing terms on the "auricular glances," the "intellectually-curved moustache," and "dark-brown velvet orbs" of the fascinating warrior.

My sister had run on glibly with her recital of what she looked on as a mere piece of childish nonsense—vastly amusing withal. But my grave face told her there was something wrong, and my tongue soon followed up the assurance. I pointed out to her how the matter appeared to me, for I had no fear of offending her by giving utterance to my opinions.

I asked her how she or any one else could expect that a child—a girl—familiar, from a tender age, with such frivolous nonsense, could grow up a really sensible and well-regulated woman. If, at her age, her little brain was filled with such things, and her little tongue able to run glibly on such topics, was it not natural to suppose that those tastes would increase instead of decreasing, leaving her, in the end, a silly, flirting, useless girl, fit only to take her place amongst those whom Albert Smith has declared necessary to the enlivenment of—Evening Parties. As to that, I doubt very much whether woman's mission on this earth at all comprises the duty of enlivening evening parties, as Albert Smith understands it at any rate.

Woman's mission! What a fruitful theme! I often wonder what did strong-minded women do before the discussion of "Woman's Mission," and "Woman's Rights" afforded such an outlet for so much vivacious pugnacity! But, perhaps, there were no specimens of the race in those days. Indeed, I believe the genus "strong-minded" originated with our neighbours on the opposite side of the Atlantic, whose restless, democratic spirit is eternally fizzing and bubbling up through every available chink and opening. Upon my word, I hate the very names of "Woman's Rights" and her "Mission," with all the new-fangled ideas disseminated by those American females who, having succeeded to a remarkable degree in unsexing themselves, would kindly wish to extend a like privilege to us!—Thank goodness! our old-fashioned ideas, descended to us from generation to generation, are too firmly rooted in the soil to be disturbed by the crowbar of the strong-minded, wielded by puny hands slippery from toil beyond their muscle.

Come! So I am off again from my subject! Let me see where I left it. Oh! I wished to say that Sophia, having readily taken up my ideas, promised me that she would in future utterly discountenance any such injurious nonsense amongst her little ones.

"But," she added, "my task will be no light one. My children must come in contact with others of their age, and I need hardly tell you that most children now-a-days have the same old-fashioned ideas. Children are not the simple little beings they were in our time, sister Fanny."

II.

Rat-ta-ta-tat! Rat-tat-tat-TAT-TAT!

THE effect was tremendous. The whole house echoed to the knock. My sister's little dog, which had been fast asleep under her chair, sprang up, with a horribly lively idea of thieves and bloodshed, and barked shrilly with all his might, staring, the while, like the famous dog in the fairy tale, who had eyes like saucers. The big Newfoundland, Rio, made the house resound with his deep bass. Sophia had just selected a lump of sugar of the exact size suited to her husband's taste, and this, in her fright, she let fall into the slop-bowl. Sophia's husband started up with an exclamation not of the most

select description. Miss Sweetman, a young lady visitor, got very red and hot, and looked scared, as was her nervous habit when she anticipated meeting with strangers. The children, Georgina, Harry, Hattie, and Willie, paused in their satisfactory application to the consumption of currant-cake; and their cousin Alexander inquired: "Who the deuce was coming at such an hour?" As for me, I propounded the same question, slightly varying the form of demand.

"Faith!" said George, laughing, "I had quite forgotten it until this moment; but it just strikes me I did ask a gentleman to come here this evening. Don't look so scared, Sophy, it's only old Mr. Harty's grandson, young Albert Pippins, whom I met to-day at his grandfather's. He's late, so you can say you had given him up. Ah! here he comes!"

Master Albert Pippins (he was only Master Pippins notwithstanding the knock) here made his appearance. He was introduced to me and to Miss Sweetman, who blushed painfully during the brief ceremony, and still more when the distinguished visitor, with a strikingly off-hand and gallant air, took a seat close beside her. Indeed, Miss Sweetman blushed all through tea-time whenever Master Pippins took occasion to pay her any of the little neighbourly acts of politeness his position suggested. But then, Miss Sweetman was perpetually "bathed in blushes," as sentimental writers so beautifully express it. It was a chronic scarlet-fever, and no one who knew the sufferer well, paid much attention to the symptoms. It struck me, however, that after a time Master Pippins' manner of helping his pretty neighbour to cake, or of handing her cups backwards or forwards, became imbued with respectful though conscious tenderness. Doubtless he thought the blushes were a tribute to his own surpassing attractions and fascinations, and felt himself bound in gratitude to demonstrate by his manner that the blushes did not radiate to a refractory object.

Well, well!—"Il n'y a plus d'enfants aujourd'hui, sure enough; but yet, Master Pippins was a small boy—a very small boy, considering the importance and magnitude of the knock that had heralded his approach. The tantarara had certainly led us to expect something more than a small boy of thirteen or fourteen—small even for that age. But Master Pippins's diminutive person was elaborately arranged in garments of the newest fashion. I could tell that at a glance, because they were Lilliputian editions of the much-admired and envied habiliments of the distinguished Lieutenant Peshall, of the second Queen's Own, at present on a visit with his friends in Ballydoyle. Only that Master Pippins's exterior was so very juvenile, he might have proved a formidable rival even to young Peshall—so far as clothes went, at least. His personal attractions did not strike me as being very great. His face was round, chubby and white, bearing, indeed, in features and hue, a great resemblance to the fine pieces of lard one sees in grocers' windows, encased in bladders; features and all were of the same soft material; Master Pippins's eyes were very light and very blue, and very round, and very prominent.

You would say that the soft substance in which they were imbedded, was not sufficiently substantial to keep them tightly in their sockets. I have a decided prejudice against weak-looking, straight, hay-coloured hair, and Master Pippins's was very weak, very straight, and exactly of the shade described by somebody as that of "badly-saved hay." Some other body has also said that the ugliest face and figure may be redeemed by an air of conscious dignity and careless ease that force you, as it were, to accept the man on his own valuation. If so, Master Pippins ought to have ranked amazingly high in people's estimation, for his every movement plainly evidenced a proud sense of consequence and worth, that was very striking.

"That reminds me," said Master Pippins, in a dignified tone of composure—the reminder being some speech of Hattie's about the recent death of a pet rabbit—"that reminds me of a funeral at which I had the honour of assisting some years ago, when a mere lad——"

"Why you're not as big as Alexander yet," Miss Hattie struck in in an exceedingly irreverent manner.

"Hush, Hattie!" said mamma, forcing back a smile, "little girls must not interrupt. Don't mind our spoiled child, Master Pippins; pray, go on!"

Evidently Master Pippins did *not* mind the interruption. Coming from such a quarter, it was simply amusing. Therefore, Master Pippins only smiled an indulgent smile, presented the offender with plum cake, and patted her wicked little curly head in a thoughtful, grand-paternal way, and then went on.

"Well, the incident to which I alluded just now, took place while I was on a visit with an aunt of mine, residing at Phibsborough. After breakfast one morning, I was reading in the library, when—enter juvenile cousin of five or six (I was ten at the time). Chaps of that age will be ridiculous, and juvenile cousin was weeping and sobbing as if his mighty heart would break. Rolled up in his pinafore he carried some hidden object. I close my book, and question Master Toddy concerning the cause of his anguish. His sobs increase, and, opening his pinafore, he displays—a dead dog—upon my word of honor, yes, a dead dog! I endeavour to calm his woe for a time in vain. Suddenly a bright idea strikes me. 'Suppose we have a grand funeral for poor Cæsar, old man! Juvenile catches at the thing—'Done!' I am grave as a judge. 'Then you'll d—d—dig the grave,' (Master Pippins very successfully imitated a child's grief throughout,) 'and I'll c—carry the body of J—Ju—Julius Cæsar!' blubbers Toddy. We proceed to the garden; we march round it in state, bearing the illustrious dead, and then we bury him with all due honours. We give to Cæsar what is due to Cæsar, by discharging two cannon, about half the length of the handle of the teaspoon, over the grave. (You may imagine what a younker I was at the time!) That done, I take a slate, and, in the wretched scrawl I then wrote, scratch upon it—'Here lies Julius Cæsar!' or some such epitaph, short and sweet. Seeing that Master Toddy's blubbling now rather increased than diminished, I in-

quired pretty sharply, what he was crying about? He looked at me indignantly through his tears. 'And suppose your old g—gr—grandmother were to d—die, now, wouldn't you cr—cry?' 'Why, yes, naturally, I suppose so.' 'W—w—well, sir! I t—tell you I'd rather this dog than f—f—fifty grandmothers.'

This story was theatrically told—acted for us, I may say. The elders, myself amongst the number, laughed heartily at the recital—more, perhaps, at the air of finished manhood assumed by the narrator. Certainly he made the most of the materials. Dickens himself never varied tone, and gestures, and expression, better than the accomplished juvenile before us. The irrepressible sobbing and blubbing, the smothered voice of the "juvenile cousin;" the mannish dignity and indulgent condescension of his former self; the playful tone of the recital—all were given with the minutest observance of details, and naturally acute discrimination of individual peculiarity, that distinguish the great writer and reader. Master Pippins, it was plain, wished to exhibit himself as a *genius*—heaven bless the mark! For my part, I should prefer to see his talent employed about the flying of a kite.

"You had a theatre here lately, I believe," said Master Pippins, in a tone of mingled condescension and tenderness. It was a polite condescension on his part to mention a strolling theatre; but as the question was intended for Miss Sweetman, his voice was attuned to tenderness. Miss Sweetman, much embarrassed, blushed two shades deeper, looked down in confusion, and faltered out a monosyllabic affirmative. Master Pippins smiled, and glanced complacently at the opposite mirror. He evidently felt called on to enact the full-fledged bean in reply to Miss Sweetman's blusher.

"Well, and was it at all passable?"

A general demand—so Alexander took it up, to Miss Sweetman's infinite relief, and praised the theatre loudly. The rest of the children joined in a rapturously excited chorus of delight, awakened by the reminiscences of the one night on which papa had been prevailed on to take them to the play.

Having listened patiently to the end, Master Pippins proceeded to give us imitations of the actors and actresses of the Dublin boards, such, at least, as had been so fortunate as to move *him* either to tears or laughter. Generally speaking, indeed, these things failed to make any impression on him. He was so much accustomed to frequent the theatre, that he now went there more to criticise the performance than from any other motive. Nevertheless there were some things that elicited even his mighty and valuable approbation. Some of his imitations struck me as being right good. There was one of a son of the Gael, possessed of a peculiarly broad Scotch accent, who had been induced, probably by some wag, to play the rôle of Othello. One may imagine how irresistibly ludicrous was the effect. Madame Celeste next came in for a share of attention. Her accent was considered by the critics as very winning and coquetish.

At length the subject was varied by the orator, who enquired whether—

"The good folk of Ballydoyle ever dreamt of the possibility of getting up private theatricals?" The tone of the demand said quite plainly that Master Pippins was quite *au fait* at the thing.

"That would be impossible, I think," said Sophia; "we are much behind your Dublin people in such ways."

"Not if the thing were properly managed," answers the initiated. 'The Lady of Lyons,' for instance, might easily be got up. I delight in such things, and should be most happy to afford any assistance or encouragement in my power."

"I fear you would find the part of manager rather a difficult one," said Sophia's husband.

"Oh! I should soon reduce my troupe to order. Difficulties should not daunt me."

"Then," continued Sophia's husband, "I cannot imagine where you would find a Claude Melnotte. You should undertake that yourself. I fancy no one else here would be able to do it justice."

"I should have no objection to take the part, if that would facilitate matters," replied the undoubting Pippins, in a tone of modest complacency.

"Then," said Sophia, "I don't know where you could find a young lady to play Pauline—our young ladies would be too bashful and nervous."

"I could tell, at least, where to find one worthy of the title of the famous "Beauty of Lyons," and Master Pippins glanced admiringly at his fair neighbour. Unfortunately, the glance and the allusion were both lost on the favoured object, for Miss Sweetman was at the moment nervously helping herself to cake, and was quite absorbed in the effort to effect her purpose without displacing any of the pieces of frosting that lay upon it.

"They'd hardly do," said Alexander, laughing; "particularly unless you could leave out the parts about falling into arms, and all that sort of thing."

"But if I played the part of Claude," replied Master Pippins, with a smirk, "I should most decidedly object to such omissions. That would be to omit the best part of the play. Fancy a beautiful young lady falling into your arms! How delightful!"

Miss Sweetman, becoming suddenly aware that the impudent observation was particularly intended for her, became hopelessly and deeply confused. Sophia sat straight up in her chair, and stared at the unabashed speaker. Alexander burst into an uproarious fit of laughter, in which the other children joined, until checked by a frown from mamma. Sophia's husband looked at the audacious Pippins with a peculiar expression, that made me fancy for an instant he was going to fall foul of Claude's dignified ears, and send him home, which, however he refrained from doing. I dare say I looked mighty cross and disgusted, for I felt so, and snapped out in my sharpest tone—

"Don't you think it likely that if a full-grown young lady fell into *your* arms, you would be in considerable danger of falling to the ground—you and she, my young gentleman?"

But it was not so easy to discomfit one possessed of so much conscious superiority as Master Albert Pippins.

Calmly ignoring my impertinent observation, he passed, at his leisure, from the subject in question to that of books and authors, and gave us the benefit of his masterly critiques of modern novels, most of which he seemed to have at his fingers' ends.

"Sophia!" I exclaimed, when at length the precocious visitor relieved us from his presence—"Sophia! I pity that boy's mother."

"Thank God he is not my son!" was her reply.

III.

"Read that Fannie!" cried Sophia, bursting into my sitting room one afternoon, about a week later, with an open letter in her hand.

"What is it?" I inquired, as I took the apparently lengthy epistle.

"Read, read, and judge for yourself. It is a unique production, I assure you. Read!"

Thus adjured, I put on my spectacles and proceeded to open the letter. Its contents were as follows:—

"Beloved and too-lovely Minnie! Do not—ah, do not, hastily deem me *presumptuous* in daring to call you by this dear and loveable name—a name that falls like music on my ear, sinking into my deepest soul, and causing its chords and strings to vibrate with *wild passionate emotion*, as do the strings and wires of the piano when your *adorable* white hand touches the ivory keys that *thrill* and *burn* beneath the pressure of those *fairy fingers*!"

"Mercy on us, Sophia!" I said, having arrived thus far—"Why, where did you get this? In style and scarcity of stops, it reminds me of that breathless Flora in Little Dorrit;—take your hand off that I may see the signature."

"No indeed; read on Fan!—Scarcity of stops indeed!—look at all the notes of admiration that follow, and then complain if you can. Go on!"

"Well, I suppose I must, so here goes. Where was I?"

"There—"fairy fingers"—now go on."

"*Angelic being!* Who could behold unmoved so much loveliness joined to a mind so charming, a soul so pure, and yet so capable of *thrilling passionate eternal devotion*!! *I have seen it!*—yes!—my Minnie!—*I have seen it!* By virtue of a kindred spirit, a golden link between two hearts that beat in unison—have I been enabled to pierce your bosom—would that I might dare to believe that I had also pierced that heart of thine; would that I might call it *heart of mine*!"

"*Yes!!!*—Thou loveliest of Ballydoyle's virgin phalanx, I know that thou hast divined my confession! Already a *sweet blush*, the symbol of *timid modesty*, and perchance, oh happiness! of *joyous consciousness*, illumines that downy cheek!—Am I bold in dreaming that the avowal will not prove unwelcome?"

"*No!!!* for are there not *signs* and *signals* unseen by vulgar eyes, understood by *lovers*? yes, my Minnie!—

"I saw *thee*, and the passionate heart of *man* entered the breast of the wild dreaming boy, and from that hour I grew—what to the last I shall be—*thine adorer*!"

"By the *tell-tale blush* that mantled that soft cheek whenever thy Pippins's glance was upon it, I dare to say, and in these words I say *all else*—

"*I love thee!!!!*"

"I love thee, beloved of my soul! In return for a heart's devotion, I but ask a few words—words that doubtless even now quiver upon those dear lips!"

"My Albert! my beloved Albert, I am *thine*!—Yes, my noble Pippins, without thee I could not exist! *For thee alone I live!*—my Albert, thy Minnie loves thee!"

"In life or in death, in weal or in woe, in prosperity or in adversity, in health or in sickness, now and for ever—

"My beloved Minnie's—

"Adoring and expectant Lover!"

"ALBERT AUGUSTUS PIPPINS."

"Well?" asked Sophia, when we had recovered from the laughter attendant on the perusal of this model love-letter; "Well, Fan, what do you say to that? What do you think of Master Albert Pippins?"

"Ha, he, hoh! But of a truth I don't know whether to be amused or sad. If the brat were here though, I'd measure his height in inches for him. When did this heroic epistle come to hand, and what said the inspirer of such a red-hot passion?"

"Oh! it came this morning while we were at breakfast!—you should have seen the face of the flattered recipient, Fan: it was worth studying!—of course she was blushing, as her adoring and expectant lover had prognosticated. But, like a little goose as she is, she burst out crying in the middle of it, and throwing the document to me, ran out of the room. Ridiculous little mouse!—I made her laugh afterwards, when congratulating her on the combustion her blushes had unwittingly produced."

"No wonder she should cry, though, sister Sophia; I never heard of such insufferable insolence! I'd cry for spite myself, were I in her place. It would be a charity to show the precious affair to old Mr. Hardy, I declare!"

"He has seen it already, my dear. We were all laughing over it after breakfast, when who should pop in but old Mr. Hardy himself. George at once handed him his grandson's letter, and poor Minnie made her escape as fast as possible. The old man was really angry, although he could not help laughing with us at the 'hot-house maturity, fruit without kernel,' as he called it, of his grandson."

"And, I trust, he intends to punish the young monkey."

"By this time Master Albert Augustus Pippins is on his way back to Dublin, accompanied by his irate grandfather. And now, what do you say, Fan?"

"Say? First and last, I say that——"

"Il n'y a plus d'enfants aujourd'hui!"

A LEGEND OF FLORENCE.

BY CAVIARE.

FAIR FLORENCE, in whose mellow southern heart,
 Conception climbed the heavens; outsoared the Greek;
 Gave soul and stature to the dead Antique,
 And, with thy Christian light, transfigured Art;
 Rare, pleasant nooks hast thou wherein Romance
 Doth blossom, double-budded; shrine and grove,
 Fruitful in country song and pastoral dance,
 Rich in traditions of unhappy love.

Memories superb, transcending far
 The feeble common-places of our time;
 Dantean mysteries, whose glooms sublime
 Tower down the present, with one awful star,
 Disked in their darkness; huge Cyclopean forms
 Of Hell profound, or happy Paradise,
 From demons, breathing amid fires and storms,
 To the angelic grace of Beatrice.

Three centuries since, in Florence lived a youth,
 Gabriel his name; accomplished, versatile;
 Chivalrous enemy of wrong and guile;
 True knight and worshipper of holy Truth;
 Witty and handsome; well inherited;
 Valiant in battle, tilt and tournament;
 Wealthy in ladies' favours; deeply read
 In all the sciences; yet innocent;

And loving Lady Agnes, a sweet maid,
 Radiant as one of Guido's seraphim,
 High in a church, and bright where all is dim;
 To win her heart his riches he displayed
 In gorgeous luxury of state and dress,
 Daring achievements, and wild pageantries;
 In costly banquets lavish to excess
 With wealth of plundered vines and granaries.

Goblets of gold and precious carcanite,
 Thick sown with diamonds, blazed along the board,
 In vast saloons, high-ceiled and richly floored
 With crimson parquets from the oriel's light.
 Tall lamps, replenished with perfumed oils,
 Showered purple flames on brodered couch and guest;
 High, south, a casement blazed with stainers' toils,
 Gloomed like a sunset in a stormy west.

From secret chambers and high galleries,
 Floating in orange twilights, exquisite
 Breathings of instruments and voices sweet,
 Ravished the ear with dream-like melodies.
 Below, the revels waited for the sun
 To scatter the wild guests; the beakers flowed
 With precious vintage, 'till the night was done,
 And the wild day-break on the arras glowed.

Innumerable presents Gabriel gave
 Unto his love; tissues of silk and gold;
 Arabian amulets, gems manifold,
 Chilly and lucent pearls of the cold wave;
 Vases of crystal, carved with multiplied
 Processions of the festivals of June;
 Big amber shells, whose hollowed lips were dyed
 With the strange brightness of a sinking moon.

At deep of night, 'ere the Italian blue
 Prisoned its stars; before the topmost pines
 Were touched with daylight, or the Apennines
 Steamed their broad foreheads in ascending dew;
 Beneath her white and lofty balcony,
 While, in the laurels, sang the nightingales,
 Wedding a viol's to his own voice, he
 Wooed her in allegories, songs, and tales.

Slowly the passion burned into his frame,
 Ministered to by chance or circumstance;
 Thus, on a holiday, as his quick glance
 Caught her's, he saw the cheek of Agnes flame
 With lightnings of her blood. Fine tumults shook
 His heart, if she but passed him in the street;
 And, like the sun upon a wind-blown brook,
 Her faintest smile had meanings deep and sweet.

She loved him not at first; his presence smote
 Her heart with pleasant terrors. Moons waxed dim
 And lusted in the heavens; she turned to him
 With longings infinite and yet remote.
 At last, she lent his voice a charmed ear,
 Listening in rich languors, whilst he stole,
 With words, interpreters of hope and fear,
 Thro' silent passages into her soul.

Thenceforth existence, rounded with a dream,
 Merged into vagueness and abstractions rare;
 She haunted gardens, when the evening air
 Slanted across the walnuts, and the stream
 Of the great fountain flowed, with mournful tone,
 Thro' the thick-reeded lilies; she would sit,
 With wreathed hands, upon the terrace stone,
 Watching the bats athwart the darkness flit.

All shapes of beauty, symbols of delight,
 Scarce touched by her imaginings, became
 Shades of one image, echoes of one name,
 Reflected splendours of one supreme light.
 In sleep, she wandered into lands forlorn,
 And, looking to the stars, saw Gabriel rise
 Far, from the radiant margin of the morn,
 Upborne by angels into Paradise.

She had an uncle, an austere old man,—
 A snow-topped hillock in the heats of June—
 A caryatid in granite hewn,
 Half human, half conventional; his ban

Had branded Gabriel a profligate,
Lacking nobility of brain and blood;
A mountebank, a canker in the state—
Leather and prunella, gilt and wood.

And shrewdly guessing why his niece no more
Sang Tuscan ditties to the Pisan lute,
But sat, all day, apart, unhappy, mute,
Sighing at intervals; he freely swore
That she should leave the city, and depart,
Unto Lipari; and, with sardon smile—
A green snake knotted in a rose's heart—
Wished her a sunny voyage to the isle.

Then up rose Agnes, a rain-laden flower,
And swiftly passed thro' high-arched corridors,
And misty galleries and griffined doors,
Until she reached a little Eastern bower,
Teeming with uncertain lights and glooms,
In furniture of Venice prodigal,
And shadows thick of palpitating blooms,
That shook like figured arras on the wall.

And writing—"To Lipari I must go—
Forget me not;" the pinions of a dove
She burthened with the story of her love—
Hope's dying testament. A drift of snow,
The white bird fluttered thro' the open pane,
Then rose, and soared in circles, 'till it fell,
Starlike, thro' the mists that dasked the plain
Around the fields and vines of Gabriel.

Spring bubbles in the earth; the daisies leap
Blood-fringed into the meadows; the green dells
Moult all their snows; like golden miracles,
Primroses, fresh delivered up from sleep,
Gleam in the grass. Vernal pulsations run,
Thro' the brown trunks like breathings; purple wing
And damask throat of finches court the sun:
But for pained hearts, there blows no second spring.

Far, in the East, the voices of the morn,
With clashing cymbal and melodious pipe,
Herald the summer, falling warm and ripe,
On tracts of olives, breadths of yellow corn;
Red poppies fire the furrows; the south wind
Breathes phantom lights on mulberry and lime;
The apple ruddies o'er its emerald rind:
But, for pained hearts, there comes no summer time.

Hot-templed Harvest-time, with rounded moon,
White in the front of twilight, thou dost come,
With fresh-fermenting vintage, all afoam,
And sheafy slumbers in the barns at noon.
Plenteous Deity, who dream'st the day,
On oat stacks, piled upon the stubbles calm;
Piping on drowsy reeds a viney lay,
On wounded hearts thou pour'st exhaustless balm.

Latest of seasons, unseen Alchemist,
Whose frosts transmute the greenness of the dell
To fiery splendours in thy crucible,
Of Northern tempest-claps and icy mist:

Most cunning Artist, who dost hood the eaves
With fretted glories; at whose touch the glass
Blossoms with chilly stars, and flowers, and leaves,
O'er wounded hearts with healing thou dost pass.

From bright Lipari, in Sicilian seas,
She saw the changes of the year pass by
With unimpressive aspect on her eye,
Dully as the thunder-blasted trees,
Rooted in snowy fiords of the North,
Which summer touches but enkindles not:
Home, friends, the dearest memories of earth,
Save one remembrance, were by her forgot.

Day after day she climbed a little hill,
Steeping a promontory, at whose base
The green seas curdled; turning her white face
Fearful at times, to the impalpable
Mists of the brine, that drowsed upon the rim
Of the far world; and there watched the ships
Full-sailed, float up, like ghost's from out the dim,
Or low stars, crescented with faint eclipse.

No tidings came. Oh! for a message brief,
To tell her that he lived, and sacred kept
Some hallowed nook within his heart, where slept
A tangled memory of her and grief;
That she might yield the heavens a quiet breath,
Within the narrow cincture of the isle;
Plead piteous to God for early death,
And pass the gates of Darkness with a smile.

Then came a ramour blown into her ear,
That Gabriel in battle had been slain,
Fighting the pirates on the Afic main;
A sudden thought convulsed her heart with fear;
She waited 'till the night fell down the bay:
Stole from her chamber to the silent street;
And wandered whither the broad harbour lay,
Cirqued round with high-beaked ships, beneath her feet.

Like blackest marble, in cathedral light,
Gloomed the dead waters. Inspirations rose,
Prompting her soul how she might cease her woes—
One little step—one faint cry on the night,
And she should rest, and, disembodied rise,
A winged angel from a silent sea,
Emancipated; and, within the skies,
Embrace her lover for eternity.

Then pious teachings of her infant years;
Legends of patient saints; moralities,
Gathered, at twilight, at a mother's knees,
Smote her, until, bursting into tears,
She prayed for succour in her agony;
And, whilst conflicting angels ruled her mind,
Wildly resolved to cast herself asea,
Unto God's mercy, and the waves and wind.

Then she unmoored a fisher's little boat,
Commended her to heaven; and, folding close
Her silken scarf about her throbbing brows,
Down the cold tide with moon and stars did float;

Down 'till the bay outbroadened, vast and dark,

On the wild levels of the wrinkled sea :
And gusts of odour touched the sailless bark,
Blown off the midnight capes of Sicily.

Awhile, she heard low undulations sob
Under the keel ; saw silver fishes leap,
Like arrows, dripping diamonds, from the deep ;
Anon the slow immeasurable throb
Of broad-backed surges tumbling to the moon,
With moans like monsters tortured with fierce pain ;
Then fragments of an immemorial tune
And cavern echoes mingled in her brain.

She slept ; the sea grew dark ; the day was near ;
With intense splendour the white stars looked down,
Though three had dropped from out the lustrous crown
Of Ariadne. Then the Eastern mere
Blushed in the sunrise ; perfumes of the land
Blew o'er the happy boat and sleeping girl,
Who lay, her cheek upon her jewelled hand,
A lily offered on a shrine of pearl.

A gentle wind, delivered from the North,
Blew her towards Susa ; the expiring day
Was dropping seaward, when a gust of spray
Tossed on her forehead by a dolphin's mirth,
Unprisoned her sweet eyes ; and she awoke
And saw the harbour and the citadel,
And one who clasped her in a purple cloak ;
God of all mercies ! it was Gabriel.

Not slain, but ransomed ; and, returning home,
He from his ship, saw, scarce a league at sea,
The boat of Agnes, drifting silently,
Hither and thither in the weedy foam ;
He sought it, precious treasure, in it found
His heart's lost idol ; the great world may roll,
And storm, or light, or darkness clip it round ;
But they are heart to heart, and soul to soul.

THE O'DONNELLS IN EXILE.

BY JOHN O'DONOVAN, ESQ., LL.D., M.R.I.A.
(CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.)

THE O'DONNELLS OF AUSTRIA.

THIS illustrious family, distinguished both in the field and cabinet, are descended from Henry O'Donnell, the third son of Charles Duff, son of Hugh O'Donnell and Margaret O'Neill. He was born about the year 1729. At an early age he entered the Austrian service, and rose rapidly to distinction. He is said, by tradition, to have been the handsomest man in the Austrian army, and an especial favourite with the empress ; both which accounts seem probable, for in the year 1754, while he was yet scarcely twenty-six years old, he received in marriage a cousin of the empress, a princess of the illustrious house of Cantacuzeno, descendants of John Cantacuzenus, the Byzantine emperor and historian, who flourished in the year 1246. No event can display in a more striking

light than this marriage, the estimation in which the great Irish families, when driven into exile, were held on the Continent, when we thus see "the greatest and proudest queen of Europe," and in a court that was, and still is, proverbially aristocratic, bestowing the hand of her own kinswoman on a young soldier, whose only fortune were his sword and his pedigree. In 1767 he was "Camerarius Cæsarei ordinis milit. Mariæ Theresæ," and colonel of a corps of cuirassiers, which from him was called "the O'Donnell Regiment ;" a name by which it is still distinguished. Some time after his marriage he wrote to his brother Manus, to Ireland, to have whichever of his sons he intended sending into Austria, carefully educated in the Irish language, that he might instruct his (Henry's) children in the language of their ancestors. General John O'Donnell thus speaks of his influence at court :

"As I told you here, you and your father should employ cousin Harry ; and if he can get Lewis an agreement in the regiment he commands, it would be so much the better, for reasons known to you. Harry is very capable of bringing many things to bear that others cannot. He is particularly well with her majesty. The last time he saw her she gave him a very fine present of jewels for his wife, saying, 'as she would never wear them any more herself, she divided them among her children, and kept them for his wife.'"

There is no date to this letter, but the fact here alluded to shows, that it was subsequent to the year 1765, when the emperor died, after which, it is said, the queen sank into deep melancholy.

This Henry subsequently attained the rank of lieutenant-general, and was made count of the empire, with the title of "Graf O'Donnell von Tyrconell." He left issue four sons—1, Joseph ; 2, John ; 3, Charles ; and 4, Henry ; the three last of whom died in the Austrian service, without issue ; he had one daughter, who married Count Vansovich, a Polish nobleman. Joseph Count O'Donnell, (the eldest son of Henry,) who was born in 1755, was educated for a diplomatic career. While pursuing his studies he became acquainted with his cousin Therese, the daughter of Count John O'Donnell, of the Larkfield family, and it appears they became attached to each other, to the great derangement of her father's plans for her establishment ; for she was affianced at the time to General Manus O'Donnell (of the Newport family), then on leave of absence in Ireland, and for whom her father entertained the sincerest friendship.

The following letter, without the date of the year, but evidently written at Vienna in 1772, is most interesting, as showing the high position of the O'Donnells in Austria at the time, and their favour at court.

"My Dear Cousin—The pleasure I had in receiving your last letter, *without date*, would certainly have engaged me to answer you immediately, were I not detained for some time by a little contradiction I found myself in with her Majesty about the time of your arrival here. You'll remember I informed you my desire of having Therese transferred to a convent of this town, but would wait your answer, to know when you intended to be here, before I would put myself in Her Majesty's way, imagining she would ask me about you, which I did till the end of April. Then the gentlewoman she sent in the beginning, to bring my daugh-

ter to Presbourg, let me know that Her Majesty was to go in a couple of days to that town; and as she would probably see Therese, thought it was proper I should shew myself at Court, believing the Empress would fain speak to me. Accordingly I went to Court, and found by the Chambellan de service, that Her Majesty said, if I came there, he should tell me to wait. After she had dispatched some ministers, I was called for. Her first words were to ask for you with a sort of amazement, that made me imagine she might have heard of a rumour spread here a considerable time before, of your being married in Ireland. Yet, as she did not directly mention it, and that I myself gave no credit to it, I did not seem to understand anything of the kind, but took occasion to enlarge a little on your zeal for her service, your candour and good nature for me and my children—assured her that you would be here at farthest, about the middle of summer, and that if her Majesty approved of it, I would be desirous in the mean time, to transfer my daughter to a convent of this town, which she not only approved, but said she was very glad I found such a good *partie* for my child, "*qui lui servirait même de pere.*" I told her I thought myself happy to know her so well established.—"*Où, dit elle, est ce qu'il apporte bien bien de quoi avec?*" I said you were well in your affairs, that I did not know how much you would bring along with you at present, but knew your desire was to take all you had out of that country, provided you could find means to bring it to bear, which I feared would be very difficult. Then she asked me if I was sure you would come? I said I was very sure. "*Eh bien, dit elle, je vais a Presbourg demain, si vous avez la patience d'attendre mon retour et que vous voulez me confier votre fille, je vous la s'amenerai*"—which she did, and giving her a dinner at Schönbrunn, sent her in the afternoon to the convent of St. Laurent, where she awaits your arrival. Some days after I received your good-natured letter,—but as your stay is longer than I had foreseen, and contrary to the assurances I gave her Majesty, I went to Princess Esterhazy, and pray'd her to excuse me to her Majesty, and inform her of the circumstances; which she took upon her. I told this lady your intention was to come last year, but that I advised you myself not to derange or be detrimental to your affairs by coming so soon, but should rather wait till all was on a proper footing. She performed the commission, but somewhat slow, so that 'tis only a few days since she told me, that she informed her Majesty of all those particulars; that her Majesty was satisfied, saying, she knew I would not tell her anything but what was truth, and that you did very well to settle your affairs, particularly as you took a wife, and laughed at my concern. In short, this is what hindered me from expressing immediately to you the real satisfaction your letter gave me. Therese and I agree with all our hearts to the marriage articles. Her conduct is so good that I find every comfort in her I could wish. She will be a comfort to you. She is yours, you are hers, and God Almighty bless you both. She and I are truly acknowledging for your memory of her and Hugo. It is a proof of your good nature, but we hope and pray, God will preserve your life for our greater comfort. My dear Manus, I am now at the end of the 60th year of my age. My head and my health in general weakening daily, still I hope God will spare my life to see you and Therese happy together. Come, my dear, as soon as you possibly can, without neglecting your affairs. Write immediately to Therese or to me. Hugo joins in our embraces to you, and we are, with heart and hand, your own for ever,

"O'DONEL.

"O'Ferrall is well, and Brochager, whom I saw three days ago, says everything good of him. My sincere friendship to O'More, and my mother-in-law, when you see them.

"To the Honourable Count

"Magnus O'Donel, Major-General

"in their Impl. Majesties' Service,

"at Newcastle, near Castle-Barre,

"Ireland.

"December 25th" [Vienna, 1772]

Here we have in real life some of the elements of a first-rate story: a father, an old warrior, betroths his young and beautiful daughter to his friend and comrade in arms, about his own age, and taking for granted, because the latter is excessively acceptable to himself, he must be equally agreeable to his daughter; an empress for a confidant, evidently not over well inclined to the match, the young lady being somewhat of a protégée, and perhaps other views entertained for her; an illustrious princess as peace-maker; a convent for a bower; and, strangest of all, the lovely heroine agreeing to the arrangement "with all her heart." Certainly the last incident, though it be the most strange, seems to make the whole thing common place enough; and if the assurance were from herself, we might despair of any result sufficiently worthy of such promising materials; but since it happens that young ladies in convents are rarely consulted in matters of the kind by their more experienced parents, (being supposed not to have any wish, *pro* or *con*, upon the subject,) it is not only possible, but very probable, that the daughter of our diplomatist, though aware of the engagement, might have had but little sympathy in all the tender embraces so warmly transmitted in her name. Nor would we in coming to that conclusion be much mistaken. Here is the dénouement:

"It will appear surprising to you, my dear Manus, to be so long without any answer to your last letter of the 11th December, which the confusion and trouble of mind I have been in this long time past has occasioned. However, friendship and sincerity do not permit me to conceal any longer from you a circumstance that you seemed to foresee and hint in your letters to me, but that I must own that I did not apprehend, which shews that you are a better judge of the female kind than I. Therese has broken through the measures you were so kind to combine with me for her establishment, by declaring she would rather chuse to remain single all her life than to marry any other than Harry's eldest son. This young man was with me in my house the whole of last winter frequenting the Chancellerie to make himself fit for employment in that part of Poland our Court has acquired of late. He was still with me when I got my daughter transferred to a convent of this town, as I was expecting your arrival in June or July following, but soon after her arrival you informed me of your longer stay in that country. These two young people saw one another sometimes in my house, when I had her to dinner now and then. They took a mutual liking to each other without letting me know it other than by their looks and countenances, which I observed, and questioning the girl, her confusion and tears explained her sentiments. At last she owned she had a great inclination for him, but knowing my engagements with you, and how intent I was upon it, her intention was to overcome, if possible, her inclinations, and sacrifice them and herself rather than displease or disobey me, etc. I told her there was no question of such efforts in regard to you or me; that you would be as far from taking her against her will, as I would be from imposing her on you, if I found or thought she had not for you all the sentiments you deserved. She said, she was and ever would be very acknowledging of your good-natured intentions for her, but that if she got leave to follow her choice, it would be never to marry, if she could not get Monsieur Peppi [little Joseph]. I told her, it never was my desire to compel her wishes in that respect, but that she would do well to put such notions out of her head, whereas she could not expect to get that young man—that I had no fortune to give her, and that his father had two or three

matches in view for him already on his arrival in Poland; that she should dine no more with me, till he was off—remain in her convent—set her mind at rest, and let me know her thoughts hereafter. I gave him to understand my displeasure without entering into any particulars. He took other lodgings, but attempted several times to come to an explanation, which I always avoided, till about a couple of days before his setting off for Poland, he surprised me in my room, and with a transport of tenderness, threw himself in my arms, begging I should forgive him the sentiments he could not hinder himself to conceive for my daughter; that he was persuaded you would have nothing against it, and beseeching I would write to his father, who, though he had other parties in view for him, would prefer his happiness, etc. etc. I told him, though I knew you would be as far from taking her (knowing she preferred another) as I would be from giving, or advising you to take her, yet it was not my business to write to his father, nor would I ever any more write about her to any one after you. Now, I know not as yet what Harry will or can do. Therese persists in her sentiments, and refused, since his departure, a very advantageous proposal made me for her by a nobleman, whose birth and fortune would establish her splendidly, without pretending to a farthing from me while I lived, but she will hear of no one but Mons. Peppi. I must own I had a great reluctance to write to you on this subject, and waited hitherto to see what turn her mind would take after his departure; but finding she persists, and reflecting it may be of consequence to you to be informed of it, as well in regard to the settling your affairs, or, perhaps, other views of matrimony you might have in that country, I now acquaint you of all with the same sincerity I had recommended her to you, as long as I thought her heart corresponded with mine, and that she would be a suitable partner for you, without which, as I told you before, the views of establishing my child would never engage me to undertake imposing on any one, much less on so dear a friend as you, and hope this female flirt will not alter your friendship for me, as it rather augments mine for you.

"I hope you will soon write to me, and send me your commands, if any you have hereabouts. My children join with me in best wishes for your prosperity in all respects, and be assured that no one can be with more truth and affection than I,

"My dearest cousin,

"Your faithful friend,

"Kinsman, and servant,

"O'DONELL."

As the conclusion of this letter would indicate, so was the event. Joseph O'Donell is recorded in their pedigree as having married Therese, the daughter of General Count John O'Donell, and by whom he had issue one son, Maurice. His first wife dying, he subsequently married Josephine of Geisruch, (of a noble Styrian family, of which the late Cardinal Archbishop of Milan was a member,) by whom he had issue one son and two daughters: Count Henry, born 12th June, 1804, Imperial chamberlain and councillor of state in the government of Trieste; 2, the Countess Eveline, born 23rd December, 1805; and 3, the Countess Adela, born 3rd February, 1807, and married 21st December, 1829, to Charles Count Sturgk.

Count O'Donell was eminently successful in his diplomatic career. In 1805, he was chamberlain of the palace and privy councillor, and was afterwards minister of finance to the Emperor Francis I. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Maurice Count O'Donell, a general in the Austrian service, who married, 6th November 1811, Christine de Ligne, daughter of Prince Charles de Ligne;

she was born January 4th, 1788. He died December 1st, 1843, leaving issue two sons and one daughter: 1, Maximilian Count O'Donell, of Tyrconnell, (the present head of the Austrian O'Donnells) born 29th October, 1812, and 2. Count Maurice, born 6th June, 1815, married 18th July 1844, Helena, princess of Cantacuzeno, born 18th September, 1819. She died in the second year of her marriage, leaving issue one son, Henry Charles George Joseph, born 2nd July 1845. The Countess Euphemia, the only sister, was born 13th of March 1823.

Count Maximilian O'Donell was aide-de-camp to the Emperor Francis Joseph I. whom he saved from assassination in February 1853. For this signal service, the Emperor granted him and his heirs a special patent of nobility, entitling them to quarter with their own old coat, the imperial arms of the house of Austria,—a distinction never before conferred upon any subject, except in one instance, namely, that of Prince Schwartzburg after the battle of Leipsic. From this patent, which has been published in the *Oesterreichischer Soldaten Freund* of October 26th, 1853, the following extract will point out to the reader the renown of the O'Donnell family in Austria:—

The patent, after noticing the pre-eminent worth and title to distinction of Maximilian Charles Count O'Donell, colonel, Imperial aide-de-camp and chamberlain, commander of the Order of St. Leopold, possessor of the Military Cross of Merit, and likewise knight commander of several foreign orders, adds of the Count:—

"He is descended from the exceedingly ancient and very illustrious race, the chiefs of Donegal, and dynasts of the former Tyrconnell in Ireland. History speaks of them in early ages, when Christianity was first introduced into that country; and extols the zeal with which they founded churches and monasteries to assist in the propagation of the true faith. In later times they exercised princely power in the land of their descent, and enjoyed widely extended martial fame. Shortly before the final incorporation of Ireland with the royal crown of Great Britain, Roderick, one of this ancient princely race, was invested with the dignity of Earl of the above-named province, as we have satisfactorily ascertained by the original document of king James I., with the seal of Ireland thereto attached; and dated the tenth day of February, in the first year of his reign in England, and thirty-seventh year of his reign in Scotland. Various concurrences in ecclesiastical and political affairs, unnecessary now to numerate, compelled the above named to quit his native land, and seek refuge in a catholic foreign country, as his elder brother Hugh had previously done. The latter met with a distinguished reception at the court of Philip III. of Spain, and the former was welcomed with paternal kindness by the paternal Head of the Church, Pope Paul V. Since that period their descendants have devoted themselves to the service of the monarchs of the Spanish line of our most serene Archducal House in the kingdom of Spain, and in later times, in the beginning of the past century, to that of our most serene predecessors in the imperial government. During their stay in the land of Spain, as well as in that of Austria, they ever enjoyed the consideration and respect due to the rank of Count and to their original nobility. It is to us as grateful and pleasing thing to bring to mind the banished (but with honour and dignity expatriated) forefathers, and relatives of our beloved, loyal, Maximilian Charles Count O'Donnell, here mentioned, whose virtues and deeds for the greatest welfare of our most serene House and the highest

interests of the state, shine with such peculiar und distinguished lustre. Charles (i. e. Connell) Count O'Donnell, general of cavalry, and colonel proprietor of his regiment, distinguished himself at the battle of Torgau, November 3rd 1760, when appointed successor in command to Field-Marshal Count Daun, and performed the important service of repelling the advance of the enemy on Dresden; for which achievement it was unanimously resolved by the Chapter of the order of Maria Theresa, that although he was not a knight thereof, he should be invested with the grand cross of the order, which honour was conferred upon him, December 21st, 1761. John Count O'Donnell, field-marshal, lieutenant and knight of the order of Maria Theresa, distinguished himself at the battle of Leuthen, December 5th, 1757, and at Maxen, November 20th, 1759. Henry Count O'Donnell commanded as major of the 49th regiment of infantry, and volunteered to lead in person the storming of the principal gate of the fortress of Schweidnitz, September 30th, 1761, by which the same was taken; and for which achievement, by a resolution of the chapter, April 30th 1762, the knight-cross of the order of Maria Theresa was conferred upon him. In due gradation he attained the rank of major-general. Francis Joseph Count O'Donnell was president of the chief council, and the ministerial bank committee, and also of the board of finance and commerce, and was decorated with the grand cross of the order of St. Stephen. John Count O'Donnell was one of the first to offer himself as a volunteer for the campaign of 1809, and as such headed a corps with the greatest devotion and courage. Hugh Count O'Donnell, as a major, was killed at Neerwinden; Charles Count O'Donnell, also a major, was killed at the storming of the bridge of Kehl; and Charles Count O'Donnell, a major-general, was killed in the battle of Aspern. Maurice Count O'Donnell distinguished himself as a commander of a battalion in the defence of the bridge of Ebersburg, in 1814, and afterwards attained the rank of field-marshal lieutenant. Our well-beloved, trusty Maximilian Charles O'Donnell, son of the above-named Maurice, and grandson of Francis Joseph Count O'Donnell, was born October 29th, 1812, and entered our service in the year 1830, and in regular gradation was promoted to his present rank. In 1848 he served in the campaign of Italy, and in 1849 in that of Hungary; and on every occasion was distinguished for his valour. Already did we, as a mark of our confidence in his zeal and abilities, appoint him as aide-de-camp to our person. At all times he has fulfilled the high expectations we formed of him; and most fully was this exemplified, when, at the risk of being personally sacrificed, he warded off our imperial person the murderous attack on the 18th of February, in the present year, whereby he rendered to ourselves, to our royal house, and to our realm, a never to be forgotten service. We rewarded him by investing him with the cross of our Order of St. Leopold. But that he may enjoy an enduring and conspicuous mark of our just acknowledgment, which can be transmitted to his posterity, we grant him further all the rights and privileges of an Austrian count; and as a further proof of imperial and royal grace and favour, we augment henceforth his hereditary and family arms, by the insertion of our own initials and shield of our most serene ducal house of Austria; and finally, the double-headed eagle of our empire, to be and endure as a visible and imperishable memorial of his proved and devoted services."

The arms thus conferred upon the count, and his male and female descendants, are then duly described, and the patent is finally specified as signed by the emperor, "Francis Joseph," and the proper ministerial functionaries, "in the capital and residential city of Vienna, on the 28th of July, A.D. 1853."

The ancient armorial bearings of the O'Donnells of Tirconnell are: Argent issuing from the sinister side of the shield, an arm sliced, holding a passion cross."

This cross is traditionally believed to have been marked by St. Patrick on the shield of their ancestor Connall Gulban, son of Niall of the Nine Hostages, and to have been borne ever since by the chiefs of Tirconnell.

This tradition is founded on an anecdote in the Tripartite Life of St. Patrick, (lib. ii. c. 95) and which has been also given by Jocelyn in the 138th chapter of his Life of St. Patrick. The following is a close translation of the story as it is given by Colgan, in his *Trias Thaum.* p. 142.

"St. Patrick, after having escaped from the snares of the Druids, in the territory of the Gregragii, (the Gregories, not far from the River Moy, in Connaught) went to visit his dearest friend Connall, to whom, in order to test his piety and resignation of mind, he said: "Would it be pleasing to thee, my dear Connall, to receive from me the monastic tonsure?" Connall replied, that he had his heart prepared to do whatever might be pleasing to the saint. Patrick, rejoicing at so great a resignation of the prince, remunerating him with an ample reward, said: "What I have mentioned shall not be done, but I shall be defended by thy arms; and thou shalt have worthy successors sprung from thine own loins; many renowned by the glory of secular warfare, and many champions conspicuous in the profession of celestial warfare, shall descend from the same seed. And presently he impressed on his shield, with his crozier, which is called the staff of Jesus, the sign of the cross, stating that none of his race should be conquered in war, who would bear that sign on his shield, and that he himself should therefore be called *sciath bachlach*, i. e. of the crozier shield. Nor is it indeed wonderful that that race should be by no means unwelcome, who bear by hereditary right, stamped on their insignia, the impression of the symbol of promised victory, with the staff of Jesus, which supports every strength, be it ever so sinking."

This alludes to the motto of the cross as seen by the Emperor Constantine, (A.D. 306,) who, as he was marching with his troops into Italy, on a certain day in the afternoon, saw in the sky, just over the sun, the figure of a luminous cross, with the following inscription, "*en touto nika*"—in this conquer. His army, as well as himself, saw this prodigy, which struck all the beholders with astonishment. Constantine was inspired to make a representation of that cross, and to use it as a standard in battle. He accordingly made the famous banner *Labarum*, and being thus encouraged by evident marks of the divine protection, confidently commenced the war against Maxentius.

On the chapter about Connall, the dear friend of St. Patrick, Colgan has the following note in his *Trias Thaum.* p. 115, col. 1, note 146:

"It may be doubted who this Connall was, who was so enriched by the happy blessing and prophetic promise of St. Patrick. Some think that he was the grandson of Amalg [Awley], king of Connaught, by Enda his son, of whom Jocelyn treats above in chapter 125; and this they endeavour to make appear from the author of the Tripartite—Part II., chapter 95—where, however, I do not find anything that favours this opinion, except that it would ap-

pear evident from the context of the preceding and subsequent chapters, that this Conall was then in the province of Connaught, which seems but a slight foundation, whereas that very fact seems uncertain, and even if it were certain, it would prove nothing, as I shall presently shew. Others think that he was Conall Gulban, son of king Niall, and brother of king Loegairius, and most dear to St. Patrick, as well on account of his having received the Christian faith promptly and without resistance, as because Patrick had foreseen and predicted that the most holy Columba, the lamp and patron of the two Scotias, would descend from his race. And with this the words of the aforesaid prophecy agree, but I know not how they could agree with the race of Conall, son of Enda. For in the genealogies of the Irish saints, chapter 9, nineteen saints are mentioned as having sprung from him, and their pedigrees are, step by step, traced to their respective progenitors, but, however, none of them are said to have sprung from the aforesaid Conall, the son of Enda. The life of St. Cormac also mentions certain other saints sprung from the same family, giving also their genealogies, but neither in this nor in any other author that I know of, do we find that any saint descended from the seed of Conall, son of Enda. I may add that I have not read of any king or prince of Connaught, renowned either for feats of arms or extent of territory, who descended from him, although we read that several kings of Connaught, and many powerful princes, deduced their descent from the very noble sept of the Hy-Fiachrach [but none from him in particular]. But from the stock or male issue of Conall Gulban many saints, kings, and princes, have descended. For from it, according to the genealogy of the saints, have sprung (to omit many others) St. Columba of Hy, and patron of Ireland, Scotland, and the Hebridean islands; St. Malachy and Maelbrigid, primates of Armagh, the saints Baithen, Adamnan, Cuimin, Dunchadh, Dorbene, Falvy, Fergna, Lasren, Odhran, and Seigeine, abbots of Hy, in North Britain, and others, amounting altogether to forty-one. That ten of the monarchs of Ireland sprung from the same race, we learn from Gilla-Moduda, in his metrical list of the Kings of Ireland, as well as from Keating, the Four Masters, and others, who also record that many princes, descended from the blood of Conall Gulban, were renowned for their military exploits and vast possessions. Wherefore, with due deference to persons of better judgment, I have not as yet found any Conall, except Conall Gulban, by whose seed the aforesaid prophecy could be said to be borne out, which predicted "*many saints shall descend from thee, and many nations on earth in thee shall be blessed,*" &c. Nor is it an objection to this conclusion, that, if it be granted that the Conall here referred to was then in the province of Connaught, because Conall Gulban might then have been there, either by chance, or by reason of his possessing lands there; for it is certain that Enda, his younger brother, and Carbury, his elder brother, had then possessed certain lands in Connaught, as the author of the Tripartite Life of St. Patrick, part ii. c. 123, has given us to understand, and as all writers testify concerning Carbury."

Here Colgan, who was certainly a Tirconnell partizan, having been born there, on the church lands of Donagh-mor, at the foot of Slieve Snaght, about the year 1595, has kept out of sight a passage which occurs in the fifth chapter of the second book of the Tripartite Life of St. Patrick, from which it appears quite clear, that Conall, son of Niall, the beloved disciple of St. Patrick, was not Conall Gulban. but Conall Crenmhthainn, an elder son of King Niall, and the ancestor of the more royal, and, anciently, more powerful family of the O'Melaghlin of Meath. This elder Conall lived till the year 475, ten years later than his younger brother, Conall Gulban. Seventeen of the monarchs of Ireland,

and a multitude of saints sprung from him. The passage in lib. ii. c. 5, runs thus:—

"Patrick leaving Carbury, that son of perdition, betook himself to Conall his brother. The house of Conall then stood at the place where the church of Donaghpatrick was afterwards built. And Conall joyfully received Patrick, the messenger of truth and the angel of light, with due deference and honor, and accommodating his ears and mind to his doctrine, was instructed by him in the mysteries of the faith, was regenerated in the baptismal font, and gathered to the fold of Christ. The holy man imparted him his blessing, saying: 'The seed of thy brethren shall serve thy seed, and by hereditary right this holy patrimony shall descend to thy posterity from father to son, that they may venerate my successors; that they may look back to an honorable friendship, and defend the patronage.' At the place where his palace then stood, Conall laid the foundation of a church to be erected to God and St. Patrick, which measured [in length] sixty feet of his feet, and he removed his palace to a place in the neighbourhood."

This Conall is certainly the person referred to in book ii. c. 93, as the dear friend of St. Patrick, and this was Conall Crenmhthainn, the ancestor of the most illustrious of the southern Hy-Niall, and not Conall Gulban, who was not yet converted; and had he (Colgan) not been blindfolded by his Tirconnell predilections, he might have easily seen that Conall Gulban was not the *Sciath-bhachlach*. See "Annals of the Four Masters," A.D. 475, and O'Flaherty's "Ogygia," c. 85.

Conall Gulban, the ancestor of the O'Donnells, and Eoghan, the ancestor of the O'Neills, had been settled in Ulster before the arrival of St. Patrick. See Ogygia, part iii. c. 85. This fact is also quite clear from the tripartite life of St. Patrick, from which it appears, that the Irish apostle met for the first time Conall Gulban, at *Sith-Aodha*, now Mulsheen, close to Ballyshannon in Ulster, and not near Taltuin in Meath. The passage runs as follows: (Book ii. c. 113.)

"Returning from thence (Ard-fothadh, near Ballymagroarty) he came to that beautiful hill called *Sith-Aodha*, situate on the margin of the river Erne, near Eas-Ruaidh, where at a public meeting he met Conall, son of King Niall the Great, and brother of King Laegaire, and he enriched him with the happy patrimony of his blessing. He also blessed Fergus, son of Conall (who devoutly sought his blessing), placing his hands on his head with delay, and great devotion, saying: 'From thy seed shall be born a son of blessings, who shall be enriched with the treasures of science and wisdom, and who shall be a prophet of the Most High, and a burning and shining lamp; from whose mouth no intentional falsehood shall ever escape.' And he also bestowed his blessing on his country or province, and on its fortresses, churches, and rivers."

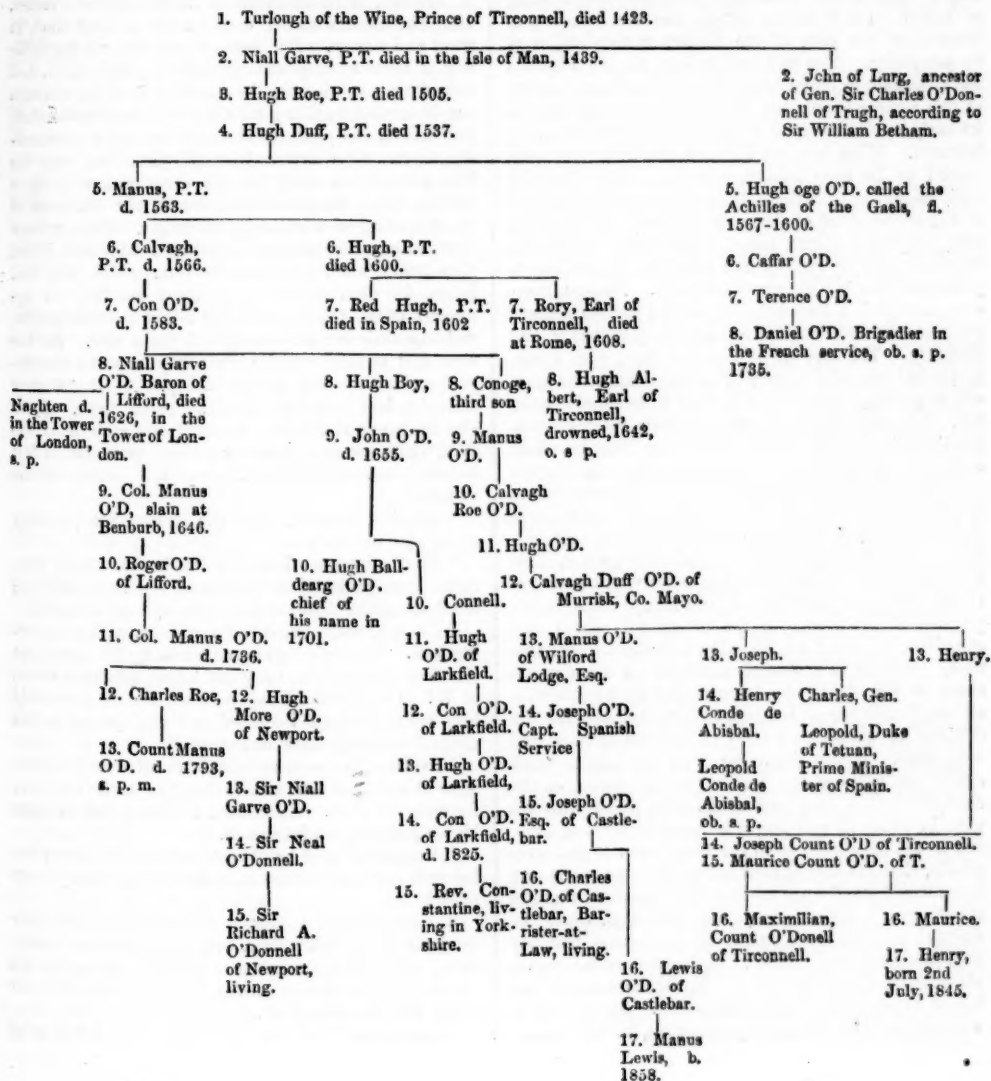
But though we are thus obliged by our love of strict historic truth, to deprive the ancestor of the O'Donnells of having received the symbol of the cross, their chief armorial badge, from the hand of the Irish Apostle, we must confess that it is our conviction, that the cross was adopted by this family (after the introduction of heraldic charges), from a belief that the Conall called *Sciath-bhachlach* in the Tripartite, was their ancestor Conall Gulban, and no other.

Besides the laboured argument, above quoted from Colgan in support of it, we find that Owen Roe Mac

Ward, an Irish poet who flourished about the year 1640, has written a poem, consisting of fourteen quatrains, or fifty-six lines, on this subject, addressed evidently to Hugh son of Rory O'Donnell, Earl of Tirconnell. In this production, (which is only a poetical version of the story, as given by Jocelyn,) Mac Ward states that Conall received a shield and a staff from St. Patrick; the shield in token of his mighty deeds, and the staff in token of the sternness of his faith. (See Psalm xxii. 4.) He adds that the saint impressed the

sign of the cross on the shield of Conall with the Bacchall Isa, promising and predicting that such of his race as would carry this sign on their standard, should never be overcome in battle; that the descendants of Conall Gulban had, from generation to generation, used this sacred sign on their standards and shields, to witness for ever the nobleness of the race; and that all that Patrick had predicted of their military glory had been fulfilled by the lofty branch of historic fame, who was then Conall's representative.

That the reader may see at a glance how the different branches of the O'Donnells in Ireland, Spain, and Austria, whose history we have given, stand related to each other, the following genealogical table is subjoined:



THE BUILDING OF MOURNE.

A LEGEND OF THE BLACKWATER.

BY ROBERT D. JOYCE.

ROME, according to the old aphorism, was not built in a day. Neither was the old town of Mourne, although it was destroyed in a day, and made fit almost for the sowing of salt upon its foundations, by the great lord of Thomond, Murrough of the Ferns, when he gathered around it his rakehell kerns, as Spenser in his spleen called them, and his fierce galloglasses and roving hobbels. But the present story has nought to do with the spoliation and burning of towns. Far different, indeed, was the founding of Mourne, to the story of the disastrous termination of its prosperity. You will look in vain to the histories for a succinct or circumstantial account of the building of this ancient town; but many a more famous city has its early annals involved in equal obscurity—Rome, for instance. What tangible fact can be laid hold of with regard to its early history, save the will-o'-the-wisp light emanating from the traditions of a more modern day? A cimmerian cloud of darkness overhangs its founding and youthful progress, through which the double-distilled microscopic eyes of the historian are unable to penetrate with any degree of certainty. Mourne, however, though it cannot boast of a long-written history, possesses an oral one of remarkable perspicuity and certainty. The men are on the spot, who, with a mathematical precision worthy of Archimedes or Newton, will relate everything about it, from its foundation to its fall. The only darkness cast upon their most circumstantial history is the elysian cloud from their luxuriant dundheens, as they whiff away occasionally, and relate—

That there was long ago a certain Donal, a nobleman of the warlike race of Mac Caurha, who ruled over Duballow, and the wild mountainous territories extending downward along the banks of the Blackwater. This nobleman, after a long rule of prosperity and peace, at length grew weary of inaction, and manufactured in his pugnacious brain some cause of mortal affront and complaint against a neighbouring potentate, whose territory extended in a westerly direction on the opposite shore of the river. So he mustered his vassals with all imaginable speed, and prepared to set out for the domains of his foe on a foray of unusual ferocity and magnitude. Before departing from his castle, which stood some miles above Mallow, on the banks of the river, he held a long and confidential parley with his wife, in which he told her, if he were defeated or slain, and if the foe should cross the Blackwater to make reprisals, that she should hold out the fortress while one stone would stand upon another, and especially that she should guard their three young sons well, whom, he doubted not, whatever might happen, would one day gain prosperity and renown. After this he set out on his expedition, at the head of a formidable array of turbulent kerns and marauding horsemen. But his neighbour was not a man to be caught sleeping, for at the cross

ing of a ford near Kanturk he attacked Dhonal, slew him in single combat, and put his followers to the sword, almost to a man. After this he crossed the Blackwater, laid waste the territories of the invader, and at length besieged the castle where the widowed lady and her three sons had taken refuge. For a long time she held her own bravely against her enemy, but in the end the castle was taken by assault, and she and her three young sons narrowly escaped with their lives out into the wild recesses of the forest.

After wandering about for some time, the poor lady built a little hut of brambles on the shore of the Clydagh, near the spot where stand the ruins of the preceptory of Mourne, or Ballinamona, as it is sometimes called. Here she dwelt with her children for a long time, in want and misery. Her sons grew up without receiving any of those accomplishments befitting their birth, and gained their subsistence like the children of the common people around, by tilling a little plot of land before their hut, and by the products of the chase in the surrounding forest. One day as Diarmid, the eldest, with his bow and arrows ready for the chase, was crossing a narrow valley, he met a kern, one of the followers of the great lord who had slain his father. Now, neither Diarmid nor his brothers recollected who had killed their father, nor the high estate from which they had fallen, for their mother kept them carefully in ignorance of all, fearing that they might become known, and that their enemies would kill them also. So the kern and himself wended their way for some time together along the side of the valley. At length they started a deer from its bed in the green ferns. Each shot his arrow at the same moment, and each struck the deer, which ran downward for a short space, and at last fell dead beside the little stream in the bottom of the valley.

"The deer is mine!" said the strange kern, as they stood over its body.

"No!" answered Diarmid, "it is not. See! your arrow is only stickin' in the skin of his neck, an' mine is afther rattlin' into his heart, through an' through!"

"No matter," exclaimed the kern, with a menacing look. "I don't care how he kem by his death, but the deer I must have, body an' bones, whatever comes of it! Do you think sich a *spriissawn* as you could keep me from it, an' I wantin' its darlin' carkiss for the table o' my lord, the Mac Donogh?"

Now Diarmid recollected that his mother and brothers were at the same time almost dying in their little hut for want of food. So without further parley he drew his long skian from its sheath.

"Very well," said he, "take it, if you're a man; but before it goes, my carkiss must lie stiff an' bloody in its place!"

The kern drew his skian at the word, and there, over the body of the fallen deer, ensued a combat stern and fierce, which at last resulted in Diarmid's plunging his skian through and through the body of his foe into the gritty sand beneath them.

Diarmid then took the spear and other weapons of

the dead kern, put the deer upon his broad shoulders, and marching off in triumph, soon gained his mother's little hut. There, after eating a comfortable meal, and telling his adventure, Diarmid began to lay down his future plans.

"Mother," he said, "the time is come at last when this little cabin is too small for me. I'm a man now, an' able to meet a man, body to body, as I met him to-day; so I'll brighten up my weapons, an' set off on my adventures, that I may gain renown in the wars. Donogh here, too, has the four bones of a man," continued he, turning to his second brother, "so let him prepare, an' we'll thramp off together as soon as we can, an' perhaps afther all we'd have a castle of our own, where you could reign in glory, as big an' grand as Queen Cleena o' the Crag!"

"Well, then," answered his mother, "if you must go, before you leave me, you and your brothers must hunt in the forest for a month, and bring in as much food as will do me and Rory here for a year and a day."

"But," said Rory, the youngest, or Roreen Shouragh, or the Lively, as he was called, in consequence of the 'cute and merry temperament of his mind—"But, Diarmid, you know I am now beyant fifteen years of age, an' so, if you go, I'll folly you to the world's end!"

"You presumptuous little atomy of a barebones," answered his eldest brother, "if I only see the size of a thrush's ankle of you follyin' us on the road, I'll turn back an' bate that wiry an' freckled little carki's o' yours into frog's jelly! So stay at home in pace an' quietness, an' perhaps when I come back I might give you a good purse o' goold to begin your forthin with."

"That, for your mane an' ludiacrous purse o' goold!" exclaimed Roreen Shouragh, at the same time snapping his fingers in the face of his brother. "Arrah! do you hear him, mother? But never mind. Let us be off into the forest to-morrow, an' we'll see who'll bring home the most food before night!"

"Well," said his mother, "whether he stays at home or goes away, I fear he'll come to some bad end with that sharp tongue of his, and his wild capers."

"With all jonteel respect, mother," answered Shouragh again, "I mane to do no such thing. I think myself as good a hairio this minnit—because I have the sowl an' heart o' one—as King Dathi, who was killed in some furin place that I don't reckett the jography of, or as Con o' the Hundhert Battles, or as the best man amongst them, Fion himself—an' I'll do as great actions as any o' them yet!"

This grandiloquent boast of Roreen Shouragh's set his mother and brothers into a fit of laughter, from which they only recovered when it was time to retire to rest. In the morning the three brothers betook themselves to the forest, and at the fall of night returned with a great spoil of game. From morning till night they hunted thus every day for a month, at the end of which time Diarmid said that they had as much food stored in as would last his mother and Rory for a year and a day.

On a hot summer noon the two brothers left the little hut with their mother's blessing on their heads, and set off on their adventures. After crossing a few valleys, they came at length to the shore of the Blackwater, and sat down in the shade of a huge oak tree on the bank to rest themselves. Beneath them, in a clear, shady pool, a huge pike, with his voracious jaws ready for a plunge, was watching a merry little speckled trout, which in its turn was regarding with most affectionate eyes a bright blue fly, that was disporting overhead on the surface of the water. Suddenly the trout darted upwards into the air, catching the ill-starred fly, but in its return to the element beneath, unfortunately plumped itself into the Charybdis-like jaws of the villanous pike, and was from that in one moment quietly deposited in his stomach.

"Look at that!" said Diarmid to his brother. "That's the way with a man that works an' watches every thing with a keen eye. He'll have all in the end, just as the pike has both fly and trout—an' just as I have both fly, an' trout, an' pike!" continued he, giving his spear a quick dart into the deep pool, and then landing the luckless pike, transfixed through and through, upon the green bank. "That's the way to manage, and the divvle a better sign o' good luck we could have in the beginning of our journey, than to get a good male so aisy!"

"Hooray!" exclaimed a voice behind them. "That's the way to manage most gallantly. What a nate dinner the thurminious monsther will make for the three of us!" and on turning round, the two brothers beheld Roreen Shouragh, accoutred like themselves, and dancing with most exuberant delight at the feat beside them on the grass.

"An' so you have follied us afther all my warnin', you outrageous little vagabone!" exclaimed Diarmid, making a wrathful dart at Roreen, who, however, eluding the grasp, ran and doubled hither and thither with the swiftness of a hare, around the trunks of the huge oak trees on the shore. In vain Diarmid tried every ruse of the chase to catch him. Roreen Shouragh could not be captured. At length the elder brother, wearied out, returned to Donogh, who, during the chase, was tumbling about on the grass in convulsions of laughter.

"'Tis no use, Donogh," he said, "we must only let him come with us. He'll never go back. Come here, you aggravatin' young robber," continued he, eluding out to Roreen, who was still dancing in defiance beneath a tree some distance off—"Come here, an' you'll get your dinner, an' may folly us if you wish."

Roreen knew that he might depend on the word of his brother. "I towld ye both," said he, coming up to the spot, "that I'd folly ye to the world's end, so let us have pace, an' I may do ye some service yet. But may I supplicate to know where ye're preambliin' to at present, for if ye sit down that way in every unberagious coolin' spot, as the song says, the divvle a much ye'll have for yeer pains in the ind?"

"I'll tell you then," answered Donogh, now recovered from his fit of laughing. "We're goin' off to Corrig

Cleena to see the Queen o' the Fairies, an' to ask her advice what to do so as to win wealth an' renown."

"Tis asier said than done," said Roreen, "to see Queen Cleena. But howsomdever, when we're afther devourin' this voracious thief of a pike here, we'll peg off to the Corrig as swift as our gambadin'-sticks will carry us!"

After the meal the three brothers swam across the river, and proceeded on their way through the forest towards Corrig Cleena. On gaining the summit of a little height, a long straight road extended before them.

On and on the straight road they went, till, turning up a narrow path in the forest, they beheld the great grey boulders of Corrig Cleena towering before them. They searched round its base several times for an entrance, but could find none. At length, as they were turning away in despair, they saw an extremely small, withered old atomy of a woman, clad all in sky blue, and sitting beside a clump of fairy thimbles, or foxgloves, that grew on a little knoll in front of the rock. They went up and accosted her:—

"Could you tell us, owld woman," asked Diarmid, "how we can enter the Corrig? We want to speak to the queen."

"Ould woman, inagh!" answered the little atomy in a towering passion. "How daar you call me an ould woman, you vagabone? Off wid you—thramp, I say, for if you sted there till your legs would root in the ground, you'd get no information from me!"

"Be aisy, mother," said Donogh, in a soothing voice, "Sure, if you can tell us, you may as well serve us so far, an' we'll trouble you no more."

"Ould woman an' mother, both!" screamed the little hag, starting up and shaking her crutch at the brothers, "this is worse than all. You dirty an' insultin' spalpeens, how daar ye again, I say, call me sich names. What for should I be decoratin' my fingers wid the red blossoms o' the Lusmore, if I was as ould as you say? Be off out o' this, or be this an' be that, I ruinat ye both wid a whack o' this wand o' mine!"

"Young leedy," said Roreen Shouragh, stepping up cap in hand at this juncture, and making the old hag an elaborately polite bow—"Young, an' innocent, an' delightful creethur, p'raps you'd have the kindness to exercise that lily-white hand o' yours in pointin' out the way for us into Queen Cleena's palace!"

"Yes, young man," answered the crone, greatly mollified at the handsome address of Roreen. "For your sake, I'll point out the way. You at last know the respect that should be paid to youth an' beauty!"

"Allow me, my sweet young darlint," said Roreen at this, as he stepped up and offered her his arm—"allow me to have the shuprame pleasure of conductin' you. I'm sure I must have the honor an' glory of ladin' on my arm one of the queen's maids of honor. May those enticin' cheeks o' yours for ever keep the bloomin' an' ravishin' blush they have at the present minnit, an' may those riglar ivory teeth o' yours, that are as white as the dhriven snow, never make their conjay from your purty an' delightful mouth!"

The "delightful young creethur" allowed herself, with many a gratified smirk, to be conducted downward by the gallant Roreen towards the rock, where, striking the naked wall with her crutch, or wand as she was pleased to call it, a door appeared before them, and the three brothers were immediately conducted into the presence of the fairy queen.

It would be long, but pleasant, to tell the gallant compliments paid by Roreen to the queen, and the queen's polite and gracious acceptance of them; merry to relate the covert laughter of the lovely maids of honor, as Roreen occasionally showered down praises on the head of the "young leedy," who so readily gained him admittance to the palace, and who was no other than the vain old nurse of the queen; but despite all such frivolities, this history must have its course. At length the queen gave them a gentle hint that their audience had lasted the proper time, and as they were departing she cast her bright but love-lorn eyes upon them with a kindly look.

"Young man," she said, "you ask my advice how to act, so as to gain wealth and renown. I could give you wealth, but will not, for wealth thus acquired rarely benefits the possessor. But I will give you the advice you seek. Always keep your senses sharp and bright, and your bodies strong by manly exercise. Look sharply round you, and avail yourselves honorably of every opportunity that presents itself. Be brave, and defend your rights justly; but above all, let your hearts be full of honor and kindness, and show that kindness ever in aiding the poor, the needy, and the defenceless. Do all this, and I doubt not but you will yet come to wealth, happiness, and renown. Farewell!"

And in a moment, they knew not how, they found themselves sitting in the front of the Rock of Cleena, upon the little knoll where Roreen had so flatteringly accosted the "young leedy." Away they went again down to the shore, swam back across the river, and wandered away over hill and dale, till they ascended Sliabh Luchra, and lost themselves in the depths of the great forest that clothed its broad back. Here they sat down in a green glade, and began to consider what they should further do with themselves. At length they agreed to build a little hut, and remain there for a few days, in order to look about the country. No sooner said than done.

To work they went, finished their hut beneath a spreading tree, and were soon regaling themselves on a young fawn they had killed as they descended the mountain. Next day they went out into the forest, killed a deer, brought him back to the hut, in order to prepare part of him for their dinner. Diarmid undertook the cooking for the first day, while his two younger brothers went out along the back of the mountain to kill more game. With the aid of a small pot, which they had borrowed from a forester at the northern part of the mountain, and a ladle that accompanied it, Diarmid began to cook the dinner, stirring the pieces of venison round and round over the fire, in order to have some broth ready at the return of his brothers. As he was

stirring and tasting alternately with great industry, he heard a light footstep behind him, and on looking round, beheld sitting on one of the large mossy stones they used for a seat, a little crabbed-looking boy, with a red head almost the colour of scarlet, a red jacket, and a tight-fitting trowsers of the same hue, which, reaching a little below the knees, left the fire-bedizened and equally rubicund legs and feet exposed in free luxury to the air. His face was handsomely formed, but brown and freckled, and he had a pair of dark, keen eyes, which seemed to pierce into the very soul of Diarmid as he sat gazing at him. There was a wild, elfish look about him altogether, as with a vivacious twinkle of his acute eye, he saluted Diarmid politely, and asked him for a ladle-full of the broth. Diarmid, however, in turning round from the pot, had spilt the contents of the ladle on his hand, burning it sorely, and was in consequence not in the most amiable humour.

"Give you a ladle of broth, indeed, you little weasel o' perdition!" exclaimed he. "Peg off out o' my house this minute, or I'll catch you by one o' them murderin' red legs o' yours, an' bate your brains out against one o' the stones!"

"I'm well acquainted with the cozy an' indestructible fact, that a man's house is his castle," said the little fellow, at the same time thrusting both his hands into his pockets, inclining his head slightly to one side, and looking up coolly at Diarmid, "but some o' that broth I must have, for three raisons. First, that all the wild game o' the forest are mine as well as yours; second, that I'm a stranger, an' you know that hospitality is a varthue in ould Ireland; an' third an' best, because you dar'n't refuse me! So, sit down there an' cool me a good rich ladle-full, or, be the hole o' my coat! there'll be wigs on the green bethune you an' me afore you're much ouldher!"

"There's for your impidence, you gabblin' little riffin!" said Diarmid, making a furious kick at the imperturbable little intruder, who, however, evaded it by a nimble jump to one side, and then leaping up suddenly, before his assailant was aware, hit him right and left two stunning blows with his hard and diminutive fists in the eyes. Round and round hopped redhead, at each hop striking the luckless Diarmid right in the face, till at length with one finishing blow he brought him to the ground, stunned and senseless.

"There," he said, as he took a ladle-full o' broth and began to cool it deliberately, "that's the most scientific facer I ever plantd on a man's forehead in my life. I think he'll not refuse me the next time I ask him."

With that he drank off the broth at a draught, laid the ladle carefully in the pot, stuck his hands in his pockets, and jovially whistling up, "The cricket's rambles through the hob," he left the hut, and strutted with a light and cheerful heart into the forest.

When Diarmid's brothers returned, they found him just recovering from his swoon, with two delightful black eyes, and a nose of unusual dimensions. He told them the cause of his mishap, at which they only laughed heartily, saying that he deserved it for allowing him-

self to be beaten by such an insignificant youngster. Next day, Diarmid and Roreen went out to hunt, leaving Donogh within to cook the dinner. When they returned they found the ill-starred Donogh lying almost dead on the floor, with two black eyes far surpassing in beauty and magnitude those received on the preceding evening by his brother.

"Let me stay within to-morrow," said Roreen, "for 'tis my turn, an' if he has the perliteness o' payin' me a visit, I'll reward him for his condescension."

"Arrah!" said both his brothers, "is it a little tra-nen like you to be able for him, when he bate the two of us?"

"No matter," answered Roreen, "'tis my turn, an' stay I will, if my eyes were to be obliterated in my purricranium!"

And so, when the morrow came, Diarmid and Donogh went out to hunt, and Roreen Shouragh stayed within to cook the dinner. As the pot commenced boiling, Roreen kept a sharp eye around him for the expected visitor, whom he at length descried coming up the glade towards the door of the hut, whistling cheerfully as he came.

"Good morrow, youngster!" said the chap as he entered, and made a most hilarous bow; "you seem to have the odour o' charity from your handsome face here, at last it comes most aromatically from the pot, anyhow."

"Ah, then! good morrow kindly, my blashin' little moss-rose!" said Roreen, answering the salutation with an equally ornamental inclination of his head—"Welcome to the hall o' my fathers. P'raps you'd do me the thur-minious honour o' satin' that blazin' little carkiss o' yours on the stone fornent me there."

"With all the pleasure in the univarse," answered the other, seating himself, "but as the day is most obsthreporously hot an' disthressin' to the dissolute traveller, p'raps you'd have the exthrame kindness o' givin' me a ladle-full o' broth to refresh myself."

"Well," said Roreen, "I was always counted a livin' respectacle o' the hospitality of ould Ireland. Yet, although the first law is not to ask the name of a guest, in regard to the unmerciful way you thrated my brothers, I must make bowld, before I grant your request, to have the honour an' glory of hearin' your cognomen."

"With shuprame pleasure," answered the visitor. "My name, accordin' to the orthography o' Ogham characters, is Shaneen cns na Thinné, which, larnedly expounded, manes John with his Feet to the Fire. But the ferlosophers an' rantiquarians of ould Ireland, thracin' effect from cause, call me Fieryfoot, an' by that name I shall be proud to be addressed by you at present."

"Well," rejoined Roreen, "it only shows their per-found knowledge an' love for thruth, to be able to make out such a knotty ploberm in deriva'ions; an' so out o' compliment to their oceans o' larnin', you'll get the broth; but," continued he, as he took up a ladle-full and held it to cool, "as there are a few questions now and then thrublin' my ruminashins, p'raps you may be so perlite as to throw a flash o' lightnin' on them, while

we're watin'. One is in nathral histry. I've heerd that of late the hares sleep with one eye shut an' th' other open. What on earth is the reason of it?"

"That," answered Fieryfoot, "is aisily solvoluted. Tis on account o' the increase o' weasels, and their love for suckin' the blood o' hares in their sleep. So the hares, in order to be on their guard an' prevent it, sleep with only one eye at a time, an' when that's rested an' has slept enough, they open it an' shut the other!"

"The other," said Roreen, "is in astronomy, an' thrubbles me most of all, sleepin' an' noddin', aitin' an' dhrinkin'. Why is it that the man in the moon always keeps a rapin' hook in his hand, and never uses it?"

"Because," answered Fieryfoot, getting somewhat impatient, "because, you poor benighted crathure, he's not a man at all, but the image of a man painted over the door of Brian Airach's shebeen there, where those that set off on a lunarian ramble go in to refresh themselves, as I want to refresh myself with that ladle o' broth you're delayin' in your hand!"

"Oh! you'll get it fresh an' fastin'!" exclaimed Roreen, and with that he dashed the ladle-full of scalding broth right into the face of Fieryfoot, who started up with a wild cry, and rushed half blinded from the hut. Away went Roreen in hot pursuit after him with the ladle in his hand, and calling out to him, with the most endearing names imaginable, to come back for another supply of broth; away down the glades, till at length, on the summit of a smooth, green little knoll, Fieryfoot suddenly disappeared. Roreen went to the spot, and found there a square aperture just large enough to admit of his body. He immediately went and cut a sapling with his knife, stuck it by the side of the aperture, and placed his cap on it for a mark, and then returned to the hut, and found his brothers just after coming in. He related all that happened, and they agreed to go together to the knoll after finishing their dinner. When the dinner was over, the three brothers went down to the knoll, and easily found out the aperture through which Fieryfoot had disappeared.

"An' now, what's to be done?" asked Diarmid.

"What's to be done, is it?" said Roreen, "why just to have me go down, as I'm the smallest—smallest in body I mane—for, to spake shupernathrally, my soul is larger than both of yurs put together; an', in the manetime, to have ye build another hut over the spot an' live there 'till I return with a power o' gold an' dimons, and oceans o' renown an' glory!"

With that he crept into the aperture while his brothers busied themselves in drawing brambles and sticks to the spot in order to build a hut as he had directed. As Roreen descended, the passage began to grow more broad and lightsome, and at length he found himself on the verge of a delightful country, far more calm and beautiful than the one he had left. Here he took the first way that presented itself, and travelled on till he came to the crossing of three roads. He saw a large, dark-looking house, part of which he knew to be a smith's forge, from the smoke, and from the constant hammering that resounded from the inside. Roreen entered,

and the first object that presented itself was Fieryfoot, as fresh and blooming as a trout, and roasting his red shins with the utmost luxuriance and happiness of heart before the blazing fire on the hob.

"Wisha, Roreen Shouragh," exclaimed Fieryfoot, starting from his seat, spitting on his hand for good luck, and then offering it with great cordiality, "you're as welcome as the flowers o' May! Allow me to offer you my congratulations *ad infinitum*, for your superior cuteness in the art of circumwentin' your visitors. I prizhume you'll have no objection to be presented to the three workmen I keep in the house—the smith there, the carpenter, an' the mason. Roreen Shouragh, gentlemin, the only man in the world above that was able to circumwint your master!"

"A céad mille fáilté, young gentlemin!" said the three workmen in a breath.

Roreen bowed politely in acknowledgment.

"Any news from the worldt above?" asked the smith, as he rested his ponderous hammer on the anvil.

"Things are morthially dull," answered Roreen, giving a sly wink at Fieryfoot. "I've heard that the Danes are making a divarshin in Ireland; that a shower o' dimons fell in Dublin, that the moon is gettin' mowldy for want o' shinin', and that there's a say in the west that is gradually becoming transmogified into whiskey. I humbly hope that the latter intelligence is unthru, for if not, I'm afraid the whole worldt will become drunk in the twiakin' of a gooldfrinch's eye!"

"Milé, milé gloiré!" exclaimed the three workmen, "but that's grate an' wondherful intirely! P'raps master," continued they, addressing Fieryfoot, and smacking their lips at the thought of whiskey, "P'raps you'd have the goodness o' givin' us a few days' lave of absence!"

"Not at present," answered Fieryfoot; "industry is the soul o' pleasure, as the hawk said to the sparrow before he transported him to his stomach, so ye must now set to work an' make a sword, for I want to make my frind here a present as a compliment for his superior wisdom."

To work they went. The smith hammered out, tempered and polished the blade, the carpenter fashioned the hilt, which the mason set with a brilliant row of diamonds; and the sword was finished instantly.

"An' now," said Fieryfoot, presenting the sword to Roreen, "let me have the immorthial pleasure o' presentin' you with this. Take it and set off on your thravels. Let valor and magnanimity be your guide, an' you'll come to glory without a horizintal bounds. In the manetime I'll wait here till you return."

"I accept it with the hottest gratitudinity an' gladness," said Roreen, taking the sword and running his eye critically along hilt and blade. "'Tis a darlin' handy soord. 'Tis sharp, shinin', an' killin', as the sighin' lover said to his sweetheart's eyes, an' altogether 'tis the one that matches my experienced taste, for 'tis tough, an' light, and lumeniferous, as Nero said to his cimitar, whin he was preparin' to daycapitate the univarsal worldt wid one blow!"

Saying this, Roreen buckled the sword to his side, bade a ceremonious farewell to the polite Fieryfoot and his workmen, left the house, and proceeded on his adventures. He took the west and broader road that led by the force, and travelled on gaily till night. For seven days he travelled thus, meeting various small adventures by the way, and getting through them with his usual light-heartedness, till at length he saw a huge dark castle before him, standing on a rock over a solitary lake. He accosted an old man by the way-side, who told him that a huge giant of unusual size, strength and ferocity, dwelt there, and that he had kept there in thrall, for the past year and a day, a beautiful princess, expecting that in the end she'd give her consent to marry him. The old peasant told him also that the giant had two brothers, who dwelt far away in their castles, and that they were the strangest objects ever seen by mortal eyes; one being a valiant dwarf as broad as he was long, and the other longer than he was broad, for he was tall as the giant, but so slightly formed that he was designated by the inhabitants of the country round, *Snohad na Dhial*, or the Devil's Needle. Roreen thanked the old man with great urbanity, and proceeded on his way towards the castle. When he came to the gate, he knocked as bold as brass, and demanded admittance. He was quickly answered by a tremendous voice from the inside, which demanded what he wanted.

"Let me in, ould steeple," said Roreen; "I'm a poor distressed boy that's grown wary o' the world on account o' my fatness, an' I'm come to offer myself as a voluntary male for your voracious stomach!"

At this the gate flew open with a loud clang, and Roreen found himself in the great courtyard of the castle, confronting the giant. The giant was licking his lips expectantly while opening the gate, but seemed now not a little disappointed as he looked upon the spare, wiry form standing before him.

"If you're engaged, ould cannibal," said Roreen again, "in calkalin' a gasthernomical ploberm, as I'm aweer you are, by the way you're lookin' at me, allow me perlitely to help you in hallucidin' it. In the first place, if you intend to put me in a pie, I must tell you that you'll not get much gravy from my carkiss, an' in the next, if you intend to ate me on the spot, raw, I must inform you that you'll find me as hard as a Kerry dimon, an' stickin' in your throat, before you're half acquainted with the politics of your abdominal kingdom!"

As an answer to this the giant did precisely what Roreen Shouragh expected he would do. He stooped down, caught him up with his monstrous hand, intending to chop off his head with the first bite, but Roreen, the moment he approached his broad hairy chest, pulled suddenly out the sword presented to him by Fieryfoot, and drew it across the giant's windpipe, with as scientific a cut as ever was given by any champion at the battle of Gaura, Clontarf, or of any other place on the face of the earth. The giant did not give the usual roar given by a giant in the act of being killed. How

could he, when his windpipe was cut? He only fell down simply by the gate of his own castle, and died without a groan. Roreen, by way of triumph, leaped upon his carcass, and with a light heart cut a few nimble capers thereon, and then proceeded on his explorations into the castle. There he found the beautiful princess sad and forlorn, whom he soon relieved from her apprehensions of further thralldom. She told him that she was not the only lady whose wrongs were unredressed in that strange country, for that the two remaining brothers of the giant, to wit, the dwarf and the Devil's Needle, had kept, during her time of thrall, her two younger sisters in an equally cruel bondage.

"An' now, my onrivalled daisy," said Roreen, after some conversation had passed between them, "allow me, while I'm in the humour for performin' deeds o' valor, to thramp off an' set them free!"

"But," said the princess, "am I to be left behind pining in this forlorn dungeon of a castle?"

"Refulgint leedy," answered Roreen, "a pair of eyes like yours, when purferrin' a request, are arrisistible, but this Kerry-dimon' heart o' mine is at present onmoveable; and in ferlosophy, when an arrisistible affeer conglomerates against an onmoveable one, nothin' occurs, an' so I must have the exthrame bowldness of asking you to stay where you are till I come back, for 'tis always the maxim of an experienced an' renowned general not to uncumber himself with too much baggage when settin' out on his advinthures!"

And so the young princess consented to stay, and Roreen, with many bows and compliments, took his leave. For three days he travelled, till at length he espied the castle of the dwarf towering on the summit of a great hill. He climbed the hill as fast as his nimble legs could carry him, blew the horn at the gate, and defied the dwarf to single combat. To work they went. The skin of the dwarf was as hard and tough as that of a rhinoceros, but at length Roreen's sword found a passage through it, and the dwarf fell dead by his own gate. Roreen went in, brought the good news of her sister's liberation to the lady, and after directing her to remain where she was till his return, set forward again. For three days more he travelled, till he came to the shore of a sea, where he saw the castle of *Snohad na Dhial* towering high above the waves. He climbed up the rock on which the castle stood, found the gate open, and whistling the romantic pastoral of "The piper in the meadow straying," he joyfully entered the first door he met. On he went, through room after room, and saw no one, till at last he came before an exceedingly lofty door, with a narrow and perpendicular slit in it, extending almost from threshold to lintel. He peeped in through the open slit, and beheld inside the most beautiful young lady his eyes ever rested upon. She was weeping, and seemed sorely troubled. Roreen opened the door, presented himself before her, and told her how he had liberated her sisters. In return she told him how that very day she was to be married to *Snowhad na Dhial*, and wept, as she further related that it was out of the question to think of vanquishing

him, for that he was as tall as the giant, yet so slight that the slit in the door served him always for an entrance, but then he was beyond all heroes strong, and usually killed his antagonist by knotting his long limbs around him and squeezing him to death.

"No matter," said Roreen. "I'll sing a song after my victory, as the gamecock said to the piper. An' now, most delightful, an' bloomin' darlint o' the worldt, this purrilliginious heart o' mine is melted at last with the conshumin' flame o' love. Say, then, the heart-sootherin' an' merliduous word that you'll have me, an' your thrubbles are over in the twinklin'——"

"Not over so soon!" interrupted a loud shrill voice behind them, and Roreen, turning round, beheld Snohad na Dhial entering at the slit, with deadly rage and jealousy in his fiery eyes. Snohad, however, in his haste to get in and fall upon Roreen, got his middle in some way or other entangled in the slit, and in his struggles to free himself, his feet lilted upwards, and there he hung for a few moments, inwards and outwards, like the swaying beam of a balance. For a few moments only, for Roreen, running over, with one blow of his faithful sword on the waist, cut him in two, and down fell both halves of Snohad na Dhial as dead as a door-nail. After this Roreen got the heart-sootherin' answer he so gallantly implored. He then bethought himself of returning. After a few weeks he found himself with the three sisters, and with a cavalcade of horses laden with the most precious diamonds, pearls, and other treasures belonging to the three castles, in front of the forge where he had met Fieryfoot, and talking merrily to that worthy.

"An' now," said Fieryfoot, after he had complimented the ladies on their beauty, and Roreen on his success and bravery, "I am about to give my three workmen leave of absence. But they must work seven days for you first. Then they may go on their peregrinations about ould Ireland. Farewell. Give my oudeniable love to the ladle, and remember me to your brothers balligerently!"

With that the two friends embraced, on which Fieryfoot drew out a small whistle and blew a tune, which set Roreen Shouragh and the three princesses into a pleasant sleep; on awakening from which they found themselves by the side of the little hut on the knoll, with the three workmen beneath them, holding the horses and guarding their loads of treasure. Roreen's two brothers had just returned from the chase, and were standing near them in mute wonderment at the spectacle. After some brief explanations, the whole cavalcade set out on their journey home, and travelled on till they came to the hut of the lonely widow on the banks of the Clydagh. It was nightfall when they reached the place. Roreen told the three workmen that he wanted

to have a castle built on the meadow beaide the hut, and then went in and embraced his mother. The workmen went to the meadow, and when the next morning dawned, had a castle of unexampled strength and beauty built for Roreen and his intended bride. The two succeeding mornings saw two equally splendid castles built for the two brothers and their brides elect, for they were about to married to the two elder princesses. By the next morning after that they had a castle finished for Roreen's mother. On the second morning afterwards they had a town built, and at length, on the seventh morning, when Roreen went out, he found both castles and town enclosed by a strong wall, with ramparts, gateways, and every other necessary appliance of defence. The three workmen then took their leave, and by the loud smacking of their lips as they departed, Roreen knew that they were going off to the west in search of the "say" of whiskey. After this the three brothers got married to the three lovely princesses, mercenary soldiers flocked in from every quarter, and took service under their banners; the inhabitants of the surrounding country removed into the town, and matters went on gaily and prosperously. The name of Roreen's wife was Mourne Blanaid, or the Blooming, and on a great festival day got up for the purpose, he called the town Mourne, in honor of her. In a pitched battle they defeated and killed the slayer of their father, and drove his followers out of their patrimony, and after that they lived in glory and renown till their death.

For centuries after the town of Mourne flourished, still remaining in possession of the race of the Mac Carthys. At length the Normans came and laid their mail-clad hands upon it. In the reign of King John, Alexander de St. Helena founded a preceptory for Knights Templars near it, the ruins of which stand yet in forlorn and solitary grandeur beside the little river. Still the town flourished and throve, though many a battle was fought within it, and around its grey walls, till at length, according to Spenser, Murrogh na Ranagh, prince of Thomond, burst out like a fiery flame from his fastnesses in Clare, overran all Munster, burnt almost every town in it that had fallen into the possession of the English, and amongst the rest, Mourne, whose woe-ful burning did not content him, for he destroyed it altogether, scarcely leaving one stone standing there upon another. And now only a few mounds remain to show the spot where Roreen Shouragh got his town built, and where he ruled so jovially.

And so, gentle reader, if you look with me to the history of Troy, Rome, the battle of Ventry Harbour, the Pyramids, or Tadmor in the Desert, I think you will say that there is none of them so clear, so circumstantial, and so trustworthy, as the early history of the old town of Mourne.

THE HOME-RILL.

WELCOME, O little rill !

Bright be thou ever ;
Green be thy border still,
Twinkling thy quiver.

Thee I can never pass,
All unrejoiceful,

Where thro' the meadow grass,
Making it voiceful,

Thou comest, by thyself, dancing and dimpling ,

Down by the meadow's edge,
Domed by the drooping sedge,
Over a lichened ledge,
Under the whisp'ring hedge,
Winding and wimpling !

Where, through the little arch,

Mossy and olden,
Close by a taper larch—
Under a golden

Bough of sweet-scenting furze,

Softly out-flowing,

All in clear amber stirs,

Pulsing and glowing ;

Thou comest, by thyself, from the mead welling

Out on the dusty way,

Edging its marges grey

With a green broidery,

And a low melody

Liquidly knelling.

There, in the mossy briak,

Warding thy entry,
Sits a wee white and pink
Daisy-bud sentry.

There, in a shady nook,

Sunned by their lustre,
Laugh on thee, little brook,
Laugh in a cluster—

Primroses, splendour-full, radiant and yellow—

While in the linden grove

Cooeth the brooding dove ;

While from the sky above,

Show'reth a shower of love

Tinklingly mellow.

Years ago—years ago—

Far in the old days,

When things on high and low

Beamed thro' a gold haze,

Thee, as a child, I met—

Large-eyed in wonder—

Traced thee with small feet wet,

Up-hill and under ;

Lured by thy peaceful voice, childlike and lonely !

Nay, I can pass thee not—

Memories haunt the spot,

Shadows come, long-forgot,

Shades of Some, who are not,

Come, alas ! *only*.

VOL. I.

Still grows the iris here—

Shall I not take one ?

Leaf-shallops launcht we here—

Shall I not make one ?

Float away, plaited prow !

'Mong the cress-islets,

Now in mid stream, and now

Pushing the violets.—

Gone are the wee hands that claspt mine to guide thee,

Gone the sweet silver shout,

Gone the laugh ringing out,

Gone the half-smiling pout,

Gone all the merry rout

Running beside thee.

In my heart, lonely brook,

Years a vague sadness,

Canst not one little nook

Fill with old gladness ;

Whilst the chill grass that forms

Thy floating fringes,

Thrilled by thy ripple, warms

Into rose tinges.*

Share me, lone wanderer ! share me thy quiet—

O'er thee the bough that bore

Snows, but a month before,

Buds in green stars all o'er,

Shakes to its gladdened core

With the birds' riot.

Whisp'ring thyself unto

Peaceful communings,

Thro' my soul gently, too,

Flow thy sweet croonings.

Fare-thee-well, little rill,

Singing thro' even !

While other sounds grow still

'Neath the starred heaven,

Thou goest, by thyself, all thy tones blending,

Far by the dusty way,

Far in the farness grey—

In a soft harmony,

And a low melody,

Till the last ending ! ERIONNACH.

THE POLICE OFFICER'S MARRIAGE.

BY FRANK THORPE PORTER, A.M.

I SHALL not betake myself for a subject to any remote region or refined locality ; I shall not invite my readers to accompany me to "the court, the camp, the grove," but I shall attempt to draw forth a few facts, known, indeed, to many, from a source to which I have never found the public inclined to approach, and from which its unwilling visitors seldom return without augmented dissatisfaction. I shall, in the course of my narrative, proceed to where the police authorities pursue the "noisy tenor of their way," but I promise a safe return to my companions. I shall bring them back unscathed and

* However it may be elsewhere, the long grass that touches this stream acquires a pink or rosy tinge very soon.

unaccused, after having presented to their attention a recital of the strictest truth, and in which the only fictions are the names of the parties. On this occasion, ladies and gentlemen may visit the Police Office with perfect safety, and I trust that at the termination of the adventure they may agree in the moral which I shall attempt to deduce, that he who begins a cheating game is not to be pitied, if, at the close, he finds himself the only loser.

Fifteen or sixteen years have elapsed since, in an aristocratic family, in a central county of Ireland, a young woman was residing in a capacity rather difficult to define. She was somewhat above a menial and below a governess, neither the companion of her mistress nor the associate of the servants. Her intellectual attainments were very moderate, and her industrial power was of little value, for she was of small frame and rather delicate constitution. The care of two children was committed to her, and all services necessary for their health, comfort, instruction, correction, or amusement, were expected from Elizabeth Jones.

She had enough to do, but she did not think so. Her life was monotonous, her tastes were not congenial to the circumstances and persons amongst whom she was placed. A native of Wales, far from her kindred, and prevented by her position from forming, amongst her own sex, a friendship, or even an acquaintance to which she could attach any value, her only resource was to fall in love,—and a few casual attentions from an officer of constabulary quite overcame poor Elizabeth Jones.

"He dazzled her eyes, he bewilder'd her brain—
He caught her affections so light and so vain."

He perceived that he was loved, and he pretended a reciprocal feeling; he promised and vowed, and swore, that she should be his wife, and he deceived her. All that can be said to palliate his misconduct is, that it certainly was a fault which has prevailed amongst his naughty sex ever since the time, and perhaps before the time, of Noah. The most learned antiquarians cannot fix the period when woman first believed man's promise, and was betrayed.

Richard Gilmore was sorely annoyed when Elizabeth Jones suggested very strong reasons for the immediate observance of his solemn promise of marriage, but he refused compliance, and sought to convince her that their union would only ruin him without saving her. She addressed her remonstrances to deaf ears. Marriage was out of the question, and she found herself a ruined, friendless creature, with the certainty of a speedy and disgraceful expulsion from the house in which she had, for some years, humbly earned her subsistence. However, she vented no reproaches, she only upbraided with a tear, and communicated her determination to depart, and carry her sorrows to some distant locality. Of this intention Richard fully approved, and he congratulated himself on the prospect of being delivered from any future annoyance on the part of Elizabeth Jones. She fixed the time for leaving her situation, and requested a last interview with Mr. Gilmore, at an early hour, before the inmates of the house were stirring. Richard

was punctual. She opened a writing-desk, and informed him that she had come to the resolution of releasing him from every promise on his part, from every claim which she could advance, then or at any future time, on one condition. She only required his written pledge, upon his honour as an officer and a gentleman, that he never would seek to renew his acquaintance with her, or even pretend to know her if they met. To this he joyfully acceded, and placed the required document in her hands, but his curiosity urged him to inquire as to her motive in seeking such a solemn, written undertaking.

"Richard Gilmore," she said, "I was prostrated by acute and increasing misery, but a door of escape from total disgrace and destruction has been opened. I can never be happy, but I may have some opportunity for reflection, and ultimately, my mind may become somewhat tranquil. I shall soon be a mother. I am about to depart from Ireland for ever, and shall fix my residence in a retired part of England, and there, in the garb and under the designation of a widow, I shall devote myself to the care of the child of whom you are the father, but for whom, I only insist and have stipulated with you, that you shall never disgrace your offspring by disclosing its paternity, and never remind me by your presence of the degradation to which, by your falsehood, I have been reduced."

"But," said Gilmore, "your means are scanty, and for a time you must be incapable of any industrial pursuit or exertion. I can give you some pecuniary assistance; it is my duty to do all I can to alleviate your sufferings; I deserve your reproaches, and would gladly do anything to prove that I am not so utterly heartless as you think me—"

"No, Richard Gilmore, not a farthing would I receive from you if it saved me from starvation. To you I owe my ruin, but with you I have no further communication, and I shall never allow you to think that I have compromised my wrongs for money, or taken a price for my character. Moreover, I may now tell you that I shall not want your paltry assistance, and as I feel you dare not break your written undertaking, you may read this. She placed in his hands a letter, of which the following is a copy, substituting fictitious names:

"Abergaveenny, June 16, 18—

"Miss Elizabeth Jones,

"Madame,—I hasten to apprise you of the death of your lamented aunt, Miss Rebecca Jones, who expired yesterday morning after a very short indisposition. The respectable deceased applied for my professional assistance, about three weeks since, in the settlement of her worldly affairs. For some years she had lived in great seclusion, and was extremely averse to any communication with your brother; she would never see his wife. In fact, her relatives seem to have been disliked in proportion to the proximity of their residence, and it is to your long absence from her, that I ascribe the preference which she has evinced towards you, on which I offer you my respectful congratulations.

"By your aunt's will, (which is in my possession) she has devised to you several freehold interests in and ad-

jacent to this town, producing about £300 per annum; she has also bequeathed to you £2000 secured by mortgage on the property of Mr. Deacon of Aberystwith, and a bond of Mr. Edmund Morgan of Cardiff, for £1100.

"I hope, Madame, you will feel, that in the capacity of your respected aunt's confidential adviser, I have not been hostile, or even indifferent to your interests, and I beg to assure you that if your affairs are intrusted to my care, I shall make every exertion to justify the preference which I respectfully solicit.

"I have the honour to be, Madame, your obedient humble servant,
"DAVID WYNN, Solicitor."

"P.S.—Mrs. Wynn desires me to convey her respects, and to request if you visit Abergavenny, that you will honour her and me by becoming our guest during your stay."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Richard Gilmore, "how delighted I am, my dearest Lizzy, at your good fortune. I shall fully and faithfully observe my pledge; but before we part, consider well whether you should not use your altered circumstances for your own comfort, for the complete prevention of every future pain and difficulty, and, above all, for the sake of your unborn offspring. If I could, without absolute ruin, have redeemed the promise which my passion produced, you should never have had occasion to upbraid me. I loved you fondly, dearly, and it is in your power to give me an opportunity of proving, whilst we live, a faithful and devoted husband."

"Ah, no!" said Elizabeth, "our marriage could never be happy; we should be mutually miserable; you would never respect her whom, in her supposed poverty, you scorned; and our union now would be as much the subject of scandalous comment, as if you wedded me this day openly at the church of Castle —."

"If you marry me, my darling Lizzy, I shall take measures to prevent exposure, or even suspicion. You shall leave this immediately, go up to Dublin, and take a lodging in one of the small city parishes, where few Protestants reside; I shall obtain leave of absence, follow you to Dublin, obtain a licence, and after a short stay, I shall return and effect an exchange to a remote county, where I can present you to society as my wife, without any suspicion that our union has been too recent for your reputation. There your child shall be born without any stain upon its birth, or any cloud upon its future existence. Come, Lizzy dear, forget and forgive; I am still your own fond Richard."

He seized her hand, her struggle was slight, his arm encircled her waist, and on her lips he imprinted the seal of his future truth and of her present forgiveness. In two days Elizabeth Jones was lodging in Nicholas Street, Dublin, and in about a week Richard Gilmore and she were married in the church of St. Nicholas; the wedding was very private and quiet, the only witnesses being the man in whose house they lodged, his wife, and two young persons whose attendance they procured.

Three or four days elapsed, and Richard Gilmore accosted his bride.

"Lizzy," he said, "I cannot delay my return to duty beyond another week. I have already made

application for an exchange; but before I return to the country, I think it would be well if I went over to Wales and regulated the future receipt of your rents, and also ascertain how the money due by Deacon and Morgan is circumstanced. If they pay even five per cent., we shall be very comfortable. I have calculated that, with my pay, we shall have near £600 a year. I shall purchase a nice jaunting car and——"

"You need not trouble yourself, Richard," said Mrs. Gilmore, very solemnly, "about my Welsh property. In fact, I have just taken a leaf out of your own book, and if the perusal is disagreeable, it is not to me that the authorship should be imputed. You made me a promise of marriage, you broke your word, and refused to save me from disgrace and misery, I procured a letter to be written about property which never existed, and made you believe that it was your interest to marry her, whom your affection or sense of honour, did not suffice to shield from destruction."

"You infernal Jezabel! you lying profligate! debased and degraded you shall be; I shall never live another hour with you; I shall never give you a farthing to save you or your brat from starvation."

"I thank you, Mr. Gilmore for myself and for my coming brat—thank heaven you cannot say my bastard. You know what course it best answers you to take, but—" Richard Gilmore was gone. Presently he was heard descending the stairs, and in a few minutes more the landlady announced to Mrs. Gilmore, that her husband had departed, having first paid the lodgings for the coming week, and relinquished any longer tenancy."

Mrs. Gilmore heard this intelligence with surprising calmness, and replied by informing the landlady of her husband's position, and of the place where he was stationed; saying that she would stay for the term for which the rent was paid, and that then, when she would be really destitute, she would go to THE WORKHOUSE. She imparted her confidence to the landlady, whom we shall call Mrs. Canavan, and who, seeing that she would not lose anything, gave Mrs. Gilmore her utmost sympathy. Mrs. Canavan was a fair sample of human nature, for we never refuse our sympathy to our unfortunate fellow-creatures when we are not asked for anything more.

In another week Mrs. Gilmore proceeded to James's street, and there informed the indefatigable Captain Nowlan, that she was the wife of a constabulary officer; that her husband's pay was about double the reality; that he had some private property and great expectations; and that she, on the eve of her *accouchement*, was deserted by her husband, and compelled to become the inmate of a workhouse.

Captain Nowlan admitted Mrs. Gilmore, registered her admission, brought the case before the board on the following Thursday, obtained a prompt permission to prosecute Mr. Gilmore, and forthwith issued a summons at the head police office, against Richard Gilmore for deserting his wife, so that she had become destitute, and chargeable, as a pauper, on the rates of the Union. The constabulary officer appeared, the marriage was proved, as were the circumstances of

the desertion. Captain Nowlan fiercely demanded the immediate committal of the delinquent for three months, with hard labour, and Richard Gilmore only escaped by undertaking to allow twenty shillings weekly for her maintenance. In about an hour he returned to the police office, and stated to the sitting magistrate, that he required the arrest of Elizabeth Jones, calling herself Gilmore, on a charge of bigamy. He alleged that she had been married in Wales about four years before her marriage to him, and that her first husband, named Thomas Jones, was still living. His assertions were made on the statements which he had received from others, he had no legal evidence of the charge; and the magistrate refused to issue a warrant for the apprehension of the alleged bigamist, but Richard determined to persist in the accusation. He seized on his wife in the public street, and gave her into the custody of a constable on a charge of felony. When she was brought before the magistrate on the ensuing morning, he stated on oath, that he had been informed, and that he fully believed, that the prisoner had been married to one Thomas Jones, in a parish church near Carnarvon, that said Thomas was still living; and he further swore to the marriage of the prisoner with himself in the city of Dublin. He asked for a remand, and stated that he expected to be able to produce witnesses from Wales to prove his charge. The magistrate remanded the prisoner for six days, and Richard left Dublin by the next Holyhead packet, in quest of evidence to convict his wife. Before she was removed to prison, she earnestly requested an interview with the magistrate, which was granted, and she implored his worship to order that no person should be permitted to see her in the prison, unless at her own request; and further, that on the day of resuming the investigation, she should be placed amongst a number of other females, and that the witnesses should be required to identify her from amongst the others. Her requests were fair and reasonable, and were complied with. Richard Gilmore returned to Dublin the day previous to the resumption of the case; he brought over two witnesses, and sought at the prison to give them a view of the accused, but they were denied admission. On the appointed day, Elizabeth Gilmore was brought to the police court at ten o'clock, and placed in an apartment with fourteen other females, amongst whom was Mrs. Canavan, who manifested great concern for her sufferings, and great indignation at her husband's attempt to transport an innocent creature, whom he had vowed to love and cherish. The magistrate had the prisoner brought forward amongst the other females, and proceeded to swear the first witness, one William Jones, who stated that he was a parish-clerk of some unpronounceable place in Wales; that he remembered the marriage of Thomas Jones and Elizabeth Jones, and he produced the registry; he recollected the matter very distinctly, the more so from the parties being both of the same name as himself. The magistrate directed him to look at the females in the apartment, and to point out the woman whom he had seen married at the time men-

tioned in the registry, if she was present. Mr. Jones walked round the room, viewed all the women, and very deliberately placing his hand upon the shoulder of Mrs. Canavan, identified her as the culprit. He was instantly electrified by a burst of abuse, delivered in an accent acquired much nearer to Pill lane than to Penmanmawr.

Mrs. Canavan's vocabulary was too copious to be select; she descanted on the propriety of "cropping" the parish-clerk's ears, but gave up that idea, because on second thoughts, it appeared too good for him. She then proceeded to impart the gratifying intelligence, that there was not a jail in Ireland would refuse him admission, and that in no place of such a description, could he meet with any one worse than himself. She appealed to the benevolent propensities of the magistrate, to have the Welsh villain transported at once, upon the grounds that it would be "a charity," and she then proceeded to descant on the physiological defect, in perjured parish-clerks having been born without handcuffs, suggesting an artificial amendment of the natural deficiency. She thanked Mr. Jones for the pleasant news, that she had one husband in Dublin and another in Wales, and assured him that he might expect some very marked personal attentions from Christy Canavan, in acknowledgment of his testimony.

"And still she talked, and still the wonder spread
That one small tongue could utter all she said."

The parish-clerk was overwhelmed with confusion, but Richard Gilmore persisted in his charge, and demanded the examination of his remaining witness. Accordingly, a Mrs. Edwards was sworn. She deposed that the Thomas Jones mentioned in the registry was her brother, —she had not been present at the marriage, but was satisfied that her brother was living, for she had seen him at Swansea about a month previous, at which time he was proceeding to America, as supercargo in a merchant vessel. On further examination, she stated, that she was aware that Thomas and Elizabeth Jones had separated within the last two years, and this put an end to the case, for, a reference to Gilmore's information showed, that his acquaintance with the prisoner commenced nearly three years before their marriage. The magistrate remarked that the only allegation fully and clearly proved, was the marriage of Mr. Gilmore to Miss Jones in the church of St. Nicholas, and it now remained for him to congratulate the parties on the removal of all imputation on the legality of their union, and to wish them many years of connubial happiness. Richard Gilmore did not manifest the slightest gratitude for this kind expression; he left the office without asking his wife to accompany him; but she was not compelled to betake herself again to the workhouse; her weekly stipend has been continued. Soon afterwards a son was born, and he is now an apprentice in a respectable mercantile concern. He has never sought his father; his father has never taken the slightest notice of him. Perhaps the lad may yet attain to wealth and respectability; but we hope he may never be necessitated to enquire about his mother's property in Wales.

A GLANCE AT THE MODERN STREET BALLADS OF DUBLIN.

BY EDWARD M'HAON.

"An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him. I had as lief have heard the night-raveh, come what plague could have come after it."—*Much Ado about Nothing*.

"I AM never merry," wrote Shakspeare, "when I hear sweet music;" but I venture to think that if the immortal bard had been a denizen of the days of Victoria instead of those of Bess,—although I wonder how the world, with all its undreamed of progress since, would have fared in the meantime—and like Haroun Alraschid, that caliph whose pleasant memory must be for ever green in the souls of those who have read the Thousand and One Nights, been partial to peripatetic nocturnal studies, his mirth would certainly never have been imperilled, more especially if he should chance to hear any of the ballads chanted along the streets of the capital celebrated by Sydney Morgan as the most car-driving, tea-drinking city in the universe—"dear, dirty Dublin." It is my firm belief, too, that even the sapient friend of that ancient Scottish worthy, Andrew Fletcher of Salton, whom a familiar, but generally misappropriated, quotation from the latter informs us most ambitioned to be the author of a people's ballads, it being a matter of the most sublime indifference to him who enacted their laws, would have regarded popular melodies less, and legislative wisdom more, had he ever listened to these delectable defiantos to all criticism.

And, *en passant*, shades of Longinus, of Schlegel, and of Addison, how bewildering are the fancies that possess some musical censors in this age of electric telegraphs, express trains, daily newspapers, and own correspondents! Now, for example, there is my friend Ferret, a *genre* writer of unquestioned ability on the staff of the *Ballyporeen Refrigerator*. If Blank, lessee of the Theatre Royal, Ballyporeen, is fortunate enough to secure the services of that great ornament to the lyric drama, Mademoiselle Asteriskini, Ferret, with an accolade of his pen, dubs the astonished Blank an "entrepreneur." With Ferret no *artiste* is ever a vocalist; she is a "cantatrice." Her *arias* are never sung: they are always "rendered," or "interpreted," or "given," by which last expression Ferret must provokingly allude to the manner in which he himself receives them, being on the free list, which the public is not. Then we hear of her "mellifluous notes of purity," or "ravishing vocal readings," or "novel and tasteful *groupetti*." Should any uncertainty exist as to the quality of her voice, which must be either a contralto, a soprano, or a mezzo-soprano, the verdict is invariably in favour of the latter, and thus cannot be far erroneous either way, while if altogether in the dark as to what it is, the censor is certain to predicate what it is not, the odds, of course, being in his favour against its being one of the three. Many of our great modern

authorities who, like Iago, are "nothing if not critical," prove their powers of observation by lavishing praise on the instrumental passages, as: "We may here remark a phrase of exquisite beauty which the *maestro* (whose compositions, by the way, are either "majestic," "severe," or "full of grand harmonic combinations") has given to the bassoon." Others evidence the absurdity of the theory that music appeals only to the ear, by alluding to the "colouring" of a *concerto*; many prefer the organ of touch to that of vision, and refer to the "masterly handling" of a subject, or intrude into the realms of taste, and with the ecstacy of a sybarite style an air "delicious," while a few go so far as to patronise the sense of smell, and describe an opera as "redolent" of something or the other. But *revenons a nos moutons*.

These vagrant artistic effusions, to which

"Aged ears play truant,
And younger hearings are quite ravished,"

may be classified into the *Sentimental*, of which *la grande passion*, with an enlivening dash of chivalry, is the theme, and which is full of *couleur locale*, and marked by the most genuine humour, although occasionally it may exceed "the limit of becoming mirth," chiefly merit attention; the *Political*, which, with no small outlay of imagination, are frequently not deficient in wit, and pointed and caustic in their satire, although always Jacobinitish, so to say, in doctrine; and what may be termed *Ballads of the Day*, the *specialité* of the writers of which is an endeavour to "catch the manners living as they rise," and keep their audience *au courant* of the more serious events in the calendar, as maritime disasters, murders, executions, *et id omne genus*, and who must possess that kind of poetical activity mentioned by Horace, of an author who could compose two hundred verses while he stood upon one leg, but which strain on their understandings, mental as well as pedal, renders them veritable "Jack Cades of sense and song."

The most noteworthy peculiarity which a consideration of the amatory productions sets forth, is the stereotyped form of introduction. In ninety-nine instances out of every hundred, the heroes first encounter the heroines "as they roved out" amid paradisiacal scenes, to inhale the incense of early dawn,

"When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight."

These nomadic idiosyncracies constitute a very agreeable pastime, without doubt, and since after their mutual affection it appears to be their sole devotion, is in no wise suggestive of embarrassed circumstances, or any prospective necessity for either party to delve or spin, for the purpose of illustrating the plebeian idea that "lips though blooming must still be fed." Any one, however, who has ever been present at a scientific *conversazione* of the fair and accomplished *poissardes* of Pill lane—or rather the *Pale lane*, as it should be cor-

rectly written, having once formed the boundary (*palus*) between the tennon lands of St. Mary's Abbey, and those of the Dominican Monastery that occupied the site of the present Four Courts—will be aware that the verb "to rove" is susceptible of a much more extended, albeit more mysterious signification than those assigned to it by that "respectable Hottentot," Dr. Johnson, as he was considered by Lord Chesterfield, or any other lexicographer. In popular parlance, to be "only as I roved out," is to be in a very dark volume indeed, and to sustain a very equivocal reputation. Another salient feature is their universal tendency to verify the accepted apophthegm that "the course of true love never yet ran smooth;" their subjects being as often crossed in the tender passion as the Hellespont, when Leander swam over it to Hero, and yet, withal, at the *éclaircissement*, we generally find filial constancy and virtue triumphant, and parental obduracy and vice *vice versa*. Take as an example the melody called "The Cruel Father, or the Affectionate Lover."

"'Twas of a damsel both fair and handsome,
Those lines are true as I've been told,
On the banks of the Shannon in a lofty mansion
Her parents claimed stores of gold.
Her hair was black as a raven's feather,
Her form and features describe who can,
But still, 'tis a folly belonging to nature.
She fell in love with her servant man."

The sea of Cupid is ever disturbed by hurricanes, as we learn from a pretty Andalusian *copla* :—

"En el mar de Cupido
Siempre hay borrasca."

and the argosy, freighted with the loves of the Limerick heiress and her *fiancé*, "youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm," was destined to experience their effects. Paterfamilias surprises them as they wander through the bowery woods of June (of course), and thus proceeds to vindicate his authority :—

"He built a dungeon of bricks and mortar,
With a flight of steps, it was underground;
The food he gave her was bread and water,
The only cheer that for her was found.
Three times a day he did cruelly beat her,
Unto her father she thus began :
As I have transgressed, now, dear father,
I'll live and die for my servant man."

But "Jeames," who has a soul above the plush and buttons of his tribe, like young Lochinvar is no laggard in love, and hastens to prevent the lady from becoming a puppet to her parent's threats, and avert the grave fate to which she so pathetically alludes in her remark to that inexorable individual :—

"Young Edward found out her habitation,
It was well secured by an iron door;
He vowed in spite of all this nation,
He'd gain her freedom or rest no more.
It was his leisure, he toiled with pleasure,
To gain relief for his Maryanne;
He gained his object and found his treasure,
She cried, my faithful servant man."

The next occasion upon which Paterfamilias visits Maryanne in her compulsory subterranean retreat, bearing with him her diurnal allowance of "baker's pills," and the aqueous concomitant designed for their downward lavation, he is confronted by the devoted Edward—ah! some of those Eddies are dear fellows!—who, with the chivalry of a Marcus Curtius, tenders himself as an expiatory sacrifice. There is an admirable *coup-de-theatre* about the result :—

"When her father found him so tender,
Down he fell on the dungeon floor;
He said, true lovers shall not be parted,
Since love can force an iron door.
Soon they joined to be parted never,
And roll in riches this young couple can;
This fair young lady has rural pleasure,
And lives content with her servant man."

Judging from the antecedents of this fortunate Pyramus and Thisbe, I would presume that their "rural pleasure" is synonymous with the felicity of "roving" in perpetuity. Some of these elegant *chansons* illustrate the fancy that many gentlemen have for worshipping at the shrine of Venus, after pouring in libations at that of Bacchus. Here is one with the not very euphonious title of "Doran's Ass," the hero of which fares much better than his deserts :—

"One Paddy Doyle lived near Killarney,
And loved a maid called Betty Toole;
His tongue, I own, was tipped with blarney,
Which seemed to him a golden rule.
From day to day he watched his colleen,
And often to himself would say,
What need I care, sure here's my drole
Advancing to meet me on the way."

As it fell upon a fine November evening, Mr. Doyle, being in the ethereal condition technically and indifferently known as "sprung," "elevated," or "screwed;" in other words, having, as the poet mildly phrases it, "took some liquor," the amount being the antithesis of a mathematical quantity, feels the current of his spirit tumultuously setting in the direction of Miss Toole, as the flight of a river to the sea, and forthwith resolves to see her :—

"So he tuned his pipes and fell a humming,
As slowly onwards he did creep,
But fatigue and whiskey overcome him,
So down he lay and fell asleep.
But he wasn't long without a comrade,
And one that could give out the pay,
For a big jack-ass smelled out poor Pat,
And laid down beside him on the way."

Towards the dawn of the morning, in trepidation at the hirsute contact and unknown dialect of Mr. Doran's "moke," who commendably presented his heels to his proffered caresses, Doyle of that ilk speeds, with the rapidity of the "devouring element" of which penny-aliners so often rave, to the residence of his enamorata :

"Then he up and told her all quite civil,
While she prepared a burned glass,
About how he hugged and smuggled the d—l,
Says she—sure that was Doran's ass!

And so I believe it was! says Pat,
So they got wed on the ensuing day,
But he never got the new straw hat
That the jack-ass ate upon the way."

With few exceptions these ballads are

"Profuse in garniture of wooden cuts,
Strange and uncouth; dire faces, figures dire,
Sharp-knee'd, sharp-elbow'd, and lean-ankled too,
With long and ghastly shanks—forms which, once seen,
Can never be forgotten."

They are carefully selected for their entire variance to the matter of the letter-press, the design on the one just quoted being the representation of a marvellously grotesque and grim animal, with a formidable horn sprouting from his forehead, encased in a coat of mail with projections like truncated cones, a spiny fringe down the back and tail, and with his hideous mouth open to display the noxious character of his teeth. An angrier or more destructive-looking creature cannot well be imagined, although at what period, and under what atmospheric and terrestrial conditions he existed, I fancy would puzzle even an Agassiz or an Owen to determine. These gems of xylography, with the coarse whitey-brown paper on which they are printed, are the only links of contrast between the street ballads of the present day and those of fifty or a hundred years ago. The latter, although the writers generally endeavoured to conceal their identity beneath a mask of illiteracy, throwing their subject into an apparently chaotic mass, wherein political errors, historical falsities, and geographical mistakes contended in ludicrous diversity and confusion with facts for the predominance, and were frequently strung together less with regard to their rhyme than their "assonance," nevertheless sparkled with a humour and wit that betrayed the perspicacity of shrewd and well-practised observers of the manners and events of the time. And then their typography and press-work! The bones of Caxton must have rattled in their shroud with indignation at such an abuse of the art. What an execrable heterogeneous admixture of "upper case" and "lower case" they presented, and that from founts so varied, that they seemed to have been epitomes of every fount in the civilised universe. "Bourgeois" side by side with "pica," "minion" hustling "brilliant," "brevier" scraping an acquaintance with "long primer," "script" retreating from "nonpareil," and "gothic" in juxtaposition with "italic." Letters disposed latitudinally and longitudinally, merely inverted, or completely top side to other way; asterisks, indexes, notes of admiration and interrogation, and points and spaces alternating with letters. As regards typography, the modern ballads are incomparably superior, but no care in that respect, or attention to the claims of orthography, etymology, syntax, or prosody, can compensate for the absence of the poetic fancy and racy spirit that marked the sentiment or satire, as the case might be, conveyed in their predecessors. The ancient race of street minstrels, too, although it cannot be averred that

"To their sweet lips sweet music seemed a thing
Natural as perfume to the violet,"

yet whose peculiar abilities gave their vocalism; varied as it was by stanzas improvised to express some passing thought or event of the moment, such effect, have likewise passed away. True, the mantles that fell from the shoulders of "Zozimus" and Sadleir—*ultimi Romanorum*—have been neither unnoticed nor unappropriated, but they are veritable lions' skins hung upon forms that scarcely need oral evidence to demonstrate their asinine character. The old school is indeed extinct, for of a very different type and qualifications are the civic Minnesingers who, taxing their voices and their vices to slander music and morals, may now be heard "making night hideous" at the corner of some central thoroughfare, or amid the un-Eden-like riparian scenery of the translucent Poddle. Had Hotspur heard them ere he affected to disparage the English ditties that Glendower framed to the harp so "lovely well," he would more truly have said,

"I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers."

In these ballads in which the celebration of daring and adventure is the essential feature, the heroines, who, with that lavish generosity distinctive of their metrical chroniclers, are endowed with every imaginable virtue, a celestial light shining on all their thoughts and actions, are invariably won by the narration of stories equally improbable with these to hear which from Othello Desdemona "seriously inclined:"

"Of antres vast and deserts wild,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills, whose heads touch heaven;
And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders."

As the military predilection of the Celt is proverbial, it is certainly rather anomalous to find that Mars should be so frequently vanquished in the lists of love by the trident of Old Father Neptune, that saucy prize a "lass wi' the tocher," preferring to strike her colours to those marine heroes whom some terrene philosophers imagine are for ever nervously manipulating their unwhisperables, shivering their timbers, squaring their mains ils, anathematising their optics, and expectorating with a vigour and precision worthy of any free and enlightened Transatlantic speculator in hides (niggers) and cotton. For poetic and whimsical *accessories*, perhaps the *chef d'œuvre* of these lyrics is the familiar one commencing:—

"A sailor courted a farmer's daughter,
Who lived convaniant to the Isle of Man;"

the natural inference from which passage is, that the lady in question was a mermaid. So partial, indeed, are some of the descendants of Eve to "those who go down to the sea in ships," that not satisfied with vouchsafing their suits a favourable audience in the general acceptance of the phrase, they absolutely—I blush like a peony at the bare idea—appropriate them altogether, ruthlessly sacrificing on the altar of Eros, crinoline, hoop, and coquettish head-gear, for pea-jackets, can-

vass pantalettes, and sou'-westers. In nearly every instance such heroines are the only daughters of noblemen of considerable wealth and influence, and despite their naughty nautical fancies seldom come to grief; a cruise to the Cape, Sydney, and New Zealand, return home by "the Horn," domestic *tableau*, and marriage *a la mode* under the most brilliant auspices, being the staple constituents of every plot. This is, doubtless, very satisfactory, but these trips "with the blue above and the blue below," are not without an occasional fatal stumble for the feminine tars,—an event, however, oftener the exception than the rule. That the "sweet little cherub who sits up aloft," according to Dibdin, is not always there to extend a tutelary regis over them, is exemplified in a melody before me, "The Rambling Female Sailor," the heroine of which, with a thorough seawoman-like spirit, masters, or rather mistresses, all the arcana pertaining to anchors, cables, capstans, compasses, beacons, buoys, and sextants, but at last while—O ye gods and little fishes!—

"Shinning up the shrouds to stitch
A chafing-mat on the lea backstays,"

misses her hold above and is precipitated into that beneath, after which her immediate transition to the locker of a well-known Welshman, Mr. David Jones, will not occasion surprise. Her remains are consigned to "the sunless retreats of the ocean," where by some inexplicable means the sorrowing crew deck her grave with roses, laurels, and willows, and erect a marble tomb, with a suitable inscription, to her memory. This most melancholy *chanson*, I must add, is embellished with the design of a wolf, as far as I can discern through the *chiaro-oscuro*, attired in an elegantly embroidered *robe de nuit*, and preparing to share the couch of a very placid and interesting looking infant.

Audi alteram partem is a golden maxim, and the many capricious petty tyrannies and tastes of the tender sex in turn receive the merited censorship of their sterner victims. My word for it, few lovers ever find a sweetheart completely *en grand tenue* at an appointed hour, except for the beatified occasion, when the most *outré* punctilious will not have a scintilla of complaint. The phrase "just ready" implies a detention of at least an hour, while "going to put on her things," is a synonyme for an indefinite period of time. Of course there are exceptions to the rule, and I, in all candour, must acknowledge to one honourable little time-keeper; may her shadow never grow less! I am not, then, surprised that the fond Materfamilias in a ballad which I take at random from a dozen devoted to a ventilation of this grievance, her own, as well as the gentleman's patience exhausted, should tap at the portal of a fair laggard's

boudoir, if not prettily, yet anxiously query her after this manner:—

"Judy, are you sick,
Or have you taken laudanum?
Barney's at the door;

Tooraloo, raloo, &c."

Then the ruinously expensive amplitude of their steel-encinctured skirts! Thus admonishes the civic Sir Oracle:—

"Be witty, be wise, and beware,
Keep out of the way of these skipping-ropes;
And mind the invisible snare
That's concealed in the hoops of their petticoats!"

Solomon has said that "much study is a weariness of the flesh," and it is in perfect concurrence with this axiom of not only "the wisest man the world e'er saw," but one, moreover, who "dearly loved the lasses," that I have limited myself in this paper to a consideration only of the sentimental portion of the present ballad literature of the Irish metropolis. As it is unprofitable work to wander over a desert in search of a flower, so it would be a wearisome task to undertake a journey through the wilderness in which the remaining orders of these *chansons* flourish in vapoury attenuation; and since, after all, even if aught were found worthy of collection and preservation, it is more than probable that a political or polemical hue would prevent its disposal within the pale of these pages. Such of my readers, however, who are any way desirous of gathering specimens of the class, can do so without much difficulty, and perchance, in the course of their peregrinations, they may happen upon an adventure similar to one that occurred some years since to the late Lord Macaulay. It would appear that the author of the "Lays of Ancient Rome," was frequently accustomed to roam through London in quest of ancient and modern lays. Passing one day through the neighbourhood of the Seven Dials, he selected and purchased several from their vendor, and as he proceeded homewards was astonished, on suddenly pausing, to find himself the centre of an admiring group of the precocious, unkempt, and unbreeched urchins indigenous to the modern Babel, their faces beaming with expectation through strata of mud in all stages, primary, transition, secondary, tertiary, and alluvial. "Now, then," said the historian, "what is it?" "Oh! that's a good one," replied several voices in a chorus, "after we've come all this way!" "But what are you waiting for?" again demanded the more than ever astounded ballad-collector "Waiting for! our eyes! why to hear you sing to be sure!"